Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE. MECHANIC ARTS. LITERATURE. NEWS, &c.

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The Maine Farmer.

N. T. TRUE, B. L. BOARDMAN, } Editors.

Our Home. Our Country, and our Brother Man.

Our New Volume--XXXVII.

We said in our last that we should enter upon our new volume in hope. Let us see for what we hope.

We hope first of all, that our subscribers—of whom we have a large family—will extend to us throughout the coming volume, as they have in the past their encouragement and support. There are a few blank pages in our subscription book, that the publishers are anxious to have filled out, and we hope in renewing subscriptions for the new volume, our friends will each send along the name of one new subscriber with their own.

We hope those practical farmers who have treasured up during the past season's operations many facts and ideas regarding their occupation, will write them out and send them to us for publication. These farmers' ideas are what make the paper useful and interesting to all, and what make it emphatically the *farmers' own paper*. Please assist us in this direction.

We hope no one of our readers will be discouraged from sending us his thoughts and ideas because he "can't write grammar." We can straighten out your letters so that in print you would hardly know them yourselves. Give us the *facts* of experience, successful or otherwise, and we will do the rest.

We hope you will employ the winter evenings in reading, and that a farmers' club will be organized in your neighborhood for the common place talking over of common place farm questions. One evening a week thus spent cannot possibly be used to better advantage.

We hope the season upon which we have entered with this new volume, will prove one of marked prosperity to all classes of industry; that our farmers and mechanics will see a wonderful revival of interest in their various pursuits, and that bounteous crops will crown the season's labor. Of one thing we are sure: success and prosperity are only the rewards of patient, earnest, persevering labor. He who expects success from any other course of life, will as a general thing be woefully disappointed, as in this world of usefulness and activity, he deserves to be.

We hope we shall be wise enough to make no promises to our readers for the coming year, that we cannot fulfil. We may be allowed, perhaps, to allude to the fact that our paper is entitled to the support of the farmers of the State in preference to agricultural journals published elsewhere: 1st, because it is a home paper, working for the home and domestic interests of every farmer in Maine; 2d, because it is adapted to our soil, climate and modes of culture; 3d, because its editors and correspondents are practical working men, who write whereof they know and testify of what they have seen; 4th, because it is laboring directly for the encouragement, advancement and progress of every interest tending to the prosperity of our own State, and not laboring for foreign measures or plans in which the people of Maine have no direct interest; 5th, because it presents correct reports of the great markets of New England one day sooner than any of the agricultural journals published elsewhere in New England, and as soon as the Boston daily papers; and 6th, because as a general family and news-paper—one giving the best weekly summary of home, State, and foreign news in all departments, made up with care, and upon which a vast amount of labor is expended—the MAINE FARMER has received the endorsement of the people of the State as being without a rival. We should not say this much, did not the unsolicited expressions of thousands of our readers assure us that we have "good backers," upon whom, under Providence, rests our hope of success for the future. We hope—we *know*—they will not disappoint us.

Uniformity of Soil necessary for Experiments.

It is a matter of notoriety to every farmer that there is a great diversity of soil on a single acre on most farms. This frequently arises from the original condition of the soil when cleared up. Immense trees have been torn up by the roots, and in decaying have left heaps of subsoil which are in a poor condition for cultivation. As soon as the plow is introduced, it levels off the surface of these knolls and leaves the naked subsoil on the surface while the hollows are filled with a deep and richer soil. Then the original formation of the soil is frequently very unequal.—Where the surface is hilly or uneven, the richer materials of the summits are washed down to a lower level. Frequently there are streaks of gravel and sand and clay, and different shades of loam within the limits of an acre. Any farmer on such a soil sees how differently his crop of potatoes will be within a few feet of each other. He crosses a cradle knoll and digs out a hill or two of little potatoes, and as he approaches a hollow he expects a rich harvest.

Now we would here suggest, that whenever a farmer is resolved to make experiments especially for publication, he should be exceedingly careful to watch the condition of his soil and see that it is homogeneous in character. By this we simply mean, that the soil should be of uniform character throughout the whole extent of the piece on which experiments are to be made. Wherever there is a great diversity in the soil there can be no manure that will wholly overcome this. Inequalities in the product of the crop will be constantly manifest.

It is an instructive practice for the farmer to watch the effect of his manures on the different kinds of soil on the same piece. It will serve to while away many an hour while at work among his crops to see these different results and thus improve his judgment and his knowledge of the different capacities of his soil.

The New England Fair in Maine.

At the meeting of the Trustees of the Maine State Agricultural Society held in Portland last week, the subject of holding the next exhibition of the New England Agricultural Society in this State was pretty fully discussed, and a vote passed instructing the President of the Society—who is also a Trustee of the New England Society—to correspond with Dr. Loring, President of the New England Society, in reference to the matter, so that final action—so far as our State Society is concerned—might be taken upon the same at the annual meeting in January next.

To our own mind it seems but just and right that the next exhibition of the New England Society should be held in this State, notwithstanding we understand it has had an invitation to go to Canada East with its next Show. It is a *New England Society*, with officers representing every New England State; it was formed to hold its annual exhibitions in the several New England States by rotation. All the other States but Maine have had the exhibition, and now we claim it is our turn. We have no doubt the officers of the Society will so look upon the matter, and that the next Show will be held here.

Taking Advantage of Situations.

We have frequently urged our readers to look over their farms and take every possible advantage in doing their farm work and making improvements, which the peculiar location of their farms, buildings, &c., affords. In purchasing a new farm, with buildings already erected a man can have his choice, and buy what suits him. So in erecting a new building, of any kind, he can take the choice of location. But with farms already occupied, and buildings already erected this is not so easy a matter; although, in such cases, with the appliance of a little energy, farms can be greatly increased in value and in the ease with which they are carried on. We will mention one or two cases of farmers thus putting to use the advantages of their situation, with the hope that others may be induced to look about them and see if they cannot do something in the same direction.

A farmer had lived forty years upon a farm on the side of a hill, which, above where his buildings were located, and but twenty or twenty-five rods distant, was so full of springs that living water was anywhere to be found but a short distance below the surface. To a spring above his house, he had, winter after winter driven his cattle to be watered, and that too through cold weather and storms. Finally, his son, who had become dissatisfied with that way of getting along, proposed to his father that the water from the spring should be brought down to the house and barn. This plan met with opposition at first, but afterwards it was consented to, the young man agreeing to dig the ditch, if his father would procure and bore the logs. This was done, and in two weeks' time the young man had the ditch completed, the work upon it having all been performed by himself. So the aqueduct was laid, conveying water into the kitchen, barnyard, and into a tank on the highway, for which he was allowed $3 annually—the interest on $50; the whole expense aside from their own labor not being thirty dollars. This privilege of a never failing source of water to the buildings of that farm, increased its market value two hundred dollars, and its actual value to the farmer who owns it, more than can be expressed.

Another instance of a similar nature. A gentleman owned a farm, upon which was a stream of water of considerable size that ran but a few rods distant from his dwelling. He had turned it to some account by putting a dam across it just opposite his barn, upon which he had a little mill for sawing small lumber, turning a grindstone, &c. A friend one day suggested to him that the dam furnished sufficient head for a hydraulic ram to furnish his buildings, in every department—he has a farm upon which the production of butter for a city market forms something of a specialty—with an abundant supply of water at little cost. He had never thought of it, but promised he would have the thing done right away. We hope he did.

To whom do these instances of what *has been* done by others point, and say *go and do likewise?*

Phosphorus in Butter.

Prof. E. N. Horsford, of Cambridge, read an interesting paper at the Scientific Convention in Chicago, on the presence of phospheric acid in butter.

It had been ascertained by the Chemist Liebrich, that the brain contains several fatty acids, and a substance called nervine which contains phosphoric acid. Prof. Wurtz succeeded in the remarkable experiment of taking the elements and producing nervine so that he could perform all the reactions which take place with the nervine from the brain.

As phosphorus is known to exist in the various cereals, in the yolk of an egg, and in some fat oils, as well as in milk, it occurred to Prof. Horsford that it must exist in butter. By a series of experiments he succeeded in detecting its presence in that substance.

Now if phosphorus exists in the brain it would seem that butter contains the necessary elements of brain force. The experience of all civilized nations is in its favor, so that we may safely regard butter not only as a luxury, but as a real necessity as an article of food.

These facts remind us of the wonderful process through which the elements must go before they can become the organized substance known as the brain. Plants stand between the animal and mineral kingdom. They draw the elements from the soil, and organize them into a living condition. Animals feed on plants and these help form the animal compounds. Man makes use of vegetable and animal food and his body becomes a wonderful laboratory which is at work every moment elaborating from his food the various mineral elements, and producing that wonderful substance which we call the brain. Among these elements that compose the brain is phosphorus, the same substance we use in the manufacture of friction matches. It must be remembered that no organ of the human economy can create an element. It can only extract it from compounds in which it already exists. So the brain can derive its phosphorus from the butter we eat, as well as from other substances in which it abounds. The harmony of nature is truly wonderful. There is the greatest possible economy of force and of material in all her operations. These relations which we can in this age recognize between inorganic and organic matter lead us to see that every atom in nature has its place and importance in the construction of the universe.

Lectures for Farmers.

The holding of lectures and public meetings for the discussions of topics of interest to farmers, the increase in the numbers and frequency and these meetings, and of the interest manifested at them, is a most gratifying evidence of the progress that is being made in the practical education of farmers, as well as an evidence of the immense power of knowledge and intelligence as applied to the operations of the farmer. A meeting of this character, was held at Amherst, Mass., last week, for three days in succession, at which lectures were delivered by Prof. Agassiz, Dr. Loring, Prof. Gamgee, Mr. Clift of New York, and others, and discussions of a practical nature took place in which prominent agriculturists from both in and out of the State took a part. Another meeting of similar character, a "Farmers' Convention," so called, is to be held at Manchester, N. H., the last of the present month, at which all the New England States are to be represented. The programme is similar to that of the meeting at Amherst. It will doubtless be one of great interest, the action of which will have much influence in promoting the agricultural prosperity of New England. We shall make an effort to be present and report the proceedings for our readers.

But what will be of more special interest to our Maine readers, is the fact that an effort is being made to have several public lectures and informal discussions in connection with the meeting of our Board of Agriculture in January next. This we hope will draw out a larger attendance at the meetings of the Board than has been present at the sessions of the past few years. The plan will we presume, also be tried of holding Farmers' institutes, with lectures and discussions, in the several counties of the State. Due notice of these meetings, and of the lectures before the Board of Agriculture will be given.

Food Demands of London--Milk as Food.

In the November number of the London *Journal of Physical Science* (American edition) is given another of the very instructive lectures of Dr. Letheby on "Human Food," in which are stated some facts showing the immense amount of food consumed daily by the city of London, which has a population of about three millions of people. Notwithstanding this great number to be fed, so regular is the supply that no one considers even the possibility of its failing. On the other hand, there is no redundancy; and not only does this supply regularly reach the metropolis, but it is distributed to the very doors of the inhabitants. About 4,200 tons of fish, over 4,000 sheep, nearly 700 oxen, about 90 calves, 4,000 pigs, including bacon and hams, not less than 5,000 fowls, and other kinds of poultry; besides a million or so of oysters, and eggs innumerable, with flour enough to make nearly a million quartern loaves, and vegetables, butter, and beer in proportion, are consumed daily by the people of that city. These facts are in themselves both startling and interesting.

Considering milk as an article of human food we make the following extract from the lecture:

"First on the list of animal foods is milk, a solid liquid which contains all the elements of food required by the very young, and is therefore regarded as the type or standard of food. In some countries, as Switzerland, it is the chief diet of the peasantry; and everywhere, if easily obtained, it is largely consumed; 76 per cent. of the laboring classes of England make use of it; 83 per cent. take it as buttermilk, and 53 per cent. as skimmed-milk. In Wales, the average consumption of it by farm laborers is 4¼ pints per adult weekly—South Wales averaging only 3 pints, while in North Wales it is 7¼. In Scotland the consumption among the laboring classes is still larger, for it amounts to 6½ pints per head weekly, and in Ireland it reaches 6¾ pints. Those who take least of it are the poor in-door operatives of London; the weavers of Spitalfields, for example, use only about 7.6 ozs. per head weekly, and those of Bethnal Green only a fraction above 1½ ozs. per head. When examined under the microscope, milk is found to consist of myriads of little globules of butter floating in a clear liquid. On standing for a few hours the oily particles rise to the surface and form a cream, the proportion of which is the test of quality. Cow's milk is heavier than water in the proportion of from 1,030 or 1,032 to 1,000. Asses' milk is the lightest, for its gravity is only about 1,019; then comes human milk, 1,020; and, lastly, goat and ewes' milk, which is the heaviest of all, from 1,033 to 1,042.

The quality of milk varies with the breed of the cow, the nature of its food, and the time of milking, for afternoon milk is always richer than morning, and the last drawn than the first. Taking, however, the average of a large number of samples, it may be said that cow's milk contains 14 per cent. of solid matter, 4.1 of which are casein, 5.2 sugar, 3.9 butter, and 0.8 saline matter. The relations of nitrogenous to the carbonaceous is 1 to 2.2; but as fat is 2¼ times more powerful than starch, the relation may be said to be as 1 to 3.6."

Shelter for Fruit Trees.

We do not wish to bring up again the discussion of the question as to the value of shelter for fruit trees—which occupied considerable space in our paper last winter and drew out many interesting facts from correspondents—but noticing a recent article in the New Hampshire *Mirror and Farmer*, we thought it well to make an extract or two for our columns. After some general remarks favoring protection, the writer says:

"I know of a small orchard that was protected by a piece of woodland on the west. It was thrifty, and bore liberally till the wood was cleared off, when it began to die; and there are now but a few scattering trees left, and they are worthless. A few years since, I made a visit in Upper Coos. There was not a thrifty apple tree there; yet the inhabitants said they did well when the country was new. I told them if they would go into the woods, clear a small field, leave the standing trees for protection on every side, and set an orchard there, it would flourish as well now as orchards did then. Why not? Every settler went into the woods, selected a location for buildings and commenced clearing. Each one also set out fruit trees, and started an orchard on his little 'beginning.' It was sheltered on all sides by a dense forest. The snow in winter was not driven off from the ground, nor the trees exposed to the full rigor of biting winds. The trees were thrifty. They would be so again under the same conditions. As the land was cleared more and more, the trees stopped growing and began to die.

Now for my own experience: my father set out an orchard before I was old enough to remember it. Most of the trees are dead, and what remain are living, as Dr. Watts says, 'at a poor dying rate.' But since my remembrance, he set a great many trees by the fences between fields. It so happened that one 'string of trees' had by a piece of woodland, and the wood has not been removed; and although the ground is low and wet and the trees stand on the north side of the wood, which would be considered a most unfavorable location in all respects aside from the shelter, yet there are no trees on the farm that have borne fruit so surely as these. I notice that the trees near the fences often live and grow well, when the rest of them either die or look as if they wanted to. What is the difference? The trees near the wall in some sort are protected by it. The snow drifts over it in winter and keeps the ground from freezing."

Doings of an Old Hunter.

A gentleman from the eastern section of the State informs us that the representative Indian of the Old-town family of the Penobscot tribe is engaged in hunting on the waters of Union river in Hancock county, and has something over six hundred traps set, it taking him four days to make the circuit of the traps, which is never done until after a storm. A storm kills the scent of the trapper, and hence they only visit traps just after a storm. "This," says the Indian, "is the reason why white man no catch 'em. He go to trap too often." This Indian hunter and trapper—who is well versed in all the mysteries of his art—says that the beavers have increased very rapidly of late upon both branches of the Penobscot river. Fifty years ago their skins sold for from nine to twelve dollars each, now they are worth but seventy-five cents to one dollar fifty cents. Considerable number of mink and muskrat with some otters and silver-gray foxes, and occasionally a black fox are captured. Mink skins bring from $3,50 to $5 each.

Kicking Cows.

Mr. Dexter Merrill, of Lee, recently informed us that he was taught some twenty years ago how to cure a young cow that was inclined to kick, and he had never failed with the many he had tried. He took off his hat, and with a two-quart dish in one hand he pressed the top of his head against the cow's flank, and standing as far from her as he could he commenced milking; with one hand and never let go his hand whenever she kicked. In this way he would persevere, and in a very short time she would be entirely cured. Gentleness combined with perseverance served to accomplish all that was necessary.

Acknowledgements.

THE HUNTER AND TRAPPER. By Halsey Thrasher, an experienced hunter. New York: Orange Judd & Co. pp. 91.

A little work well described by the title, illustrated by several good engravings of fur-bearing animals, and containing useful directions in regard to trapping animals, as well as tanning and dressing furs and skins. Sent by mail for one dollar.

☞ We are under obligation to J. S. Grant, Esq., of Sidney, for specimens of the Early Sebec Royal Purple and Jordan potatoes. The latter is a much esteemed variety, that originated on Cape Elizabeth.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

To Farmers and Mechanics of Maine.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I feel that an apology is due from me to your readers for assuming so often to appear in your columns with communications, touching a subject upon which many of them are better instructed than myself. You well know as a physiological fact, that many diseases become chronic, and while they are not always active yet from time to time break out with renewed violence, which seems beyond the control of the patient or his medical advisers. This is my case. I have no apology to offer. This constitutional tendency has agriculture and the considerations which nearly affect its success, as a constant companion.

The reflecting man who sits down to study the commercial, manufacturing, social, or even political interests of every country, finds agriculture to be the foundation of each. It is a necessary pioneer power, a fixed citadel to flee to in times of disaster, and an interest intimately connected with every effort of real progress of the commonwealth. The merchants and manufacturers are the farmer's factors, receiving their surplus and furnishing those who produce nothing for themselves. The labors of the farmer are actually necessary to sustain the fabric of society. Of the fruits of the earth those of meat and bread only, can sustain life, which is employed in the endless ramifications of art and science. Yet what a strange paradox is before you. This art held subordinate and less worthy of the highest respect and position among the arts, and less cared for, receiving but a moiety of the public expenditures and encouragement! The farmer is taxed fully his share, upon his estates to be thus expended. He is taxed for the assistance given to the colleges and academies and schools of a State, by the State, and it is right that he should be so taxed. He is taxed for State prisons, reform schools, insane asylums, highways, railroad enterprises and many other interests, all of which are legitimate. But if he assumes to say that other interests shall with his, be asked to assist in any measures which are intended to forward or encourage agriculture, what has been the result in Maine to such demands within the last few years? A few individuals who possess no hope or faith in the future of the State, and who dare never risk a cent to cool out of their grasp for fear it would never be seen by them again, have succeeded by ridicule and discussion below the dignity of men, to concentrate the votes of others not interested in agriculture, upon measures which send State Agricultural Societies, and institutions like the Industrial College, begging—and this last institution, the only one in the State that teaches any branches directly touching agriculture and the mechanic arts. Let the farmers look at the votes of these men in favor of grants of lands to the European railway; a private enterprise, the direct earnings of which will fill the pockets of an Association mostly composed of wealthy men—(I do not wish to be understood as objecting to those votes, for such a work is of great importance;) but why not vote to sustain that institution and those interests which make a such a highway valuable to the State and to its stockholders; those interests which tend to increase the production of a State, and develope its resources?

Consider the resources of Maine. Nature has been lavish in her gifts. Her position upon the ocean, her harbors and facilities for transportation, her navigable rivers from the interior to the sea, her fisheries, her variety of lumber, her wonderful water-power, and varied soil, and better than all, an intelligent population ready to apply the teachings of science to the industrial arts! Shall not the magnificent gift of the National Government be made available by substantial assistance of the State in establishing suitable accommodations for teaching your children, not only in the numerous practical channels of industry, but also providing that the same child may, if he will, avail himself of a classical education equal or superior to that which is given to the students of those institutions or colleges who consider their course a *sine qua non* of excellence? It is a strange fact that there are so many men who feel that there is no cause or demand of education but the old ruts, to which they seem wedded. There is not for one moment a desire to take from the admiration due to the teachings of these institutions, or the inconceivable value of their course upon the public. If we are bound for a port, whether it be an educational or a geographical point, why may we not be instructed and benefitted by an examination of the salient points of life's journey or battle as we go; and are not the teachings of experience to be remembered when the theory has faded from our memory? How many of the students who go through the course of chemistry and mineralogy in our institutions are instructed so as to be able to apply the principles of chemistry, and operate readily and successfully in the thousands of instances desirable in the life of a practical man? How many young men who go forth from a course of liberal studies, are able to take the lead in discoveries of minerals, and their ready assay to determine their value? Has Maine a reliable practical assayist or chemist, or assay office or laboratory within her borders, or must we send away to the two or three accepted assayists of New England, and in many cases know as little as before, or if anything valuable is really found, such information is furnished to speculators, and not to those more intimately interested? Are these two branches taught practically to the young men of Maine who may become students of such a college, would in ten years be of four-fold more value to the State, in developing our mineral resources and assisting our manufacturing interests, than all the State shall expend to help it.

I ask the farmers of Maine, the mechanics of Maine, and the young men who desire a practical education, to ask of the coming Legislature what is necessary to place upon proper footing, the interests to which I have referred. The coming six years will be unprecedented in its advancement of every industrial interest in this Union. The great disturbing political element must bow to the advance of liberty and the consequent advancement of every element of progress in the useful sciences and arts. And the question to be decided is, shall this new territory purified and placed upon the road of advancement, outstrip us, and draw our young men of sagacity from us; or shall we found in our midst institutions which shall develope our own resources and make our native State a haven to flee to, rather than to leave? It is only for you, farmers and mechanics of Maine, to speak through your representatives and inaugurate such plans as shall ensure your interests the respect which they demand; for which the rising generation shall thank you, as they find themselves and the children in their naturally dignified position which your foresight has secured for them. You have everything to encourage you; a Governor in the chair who is alive to your interests, and who has been enabled by the course of events to inaugurate a movement which shall be felt in every household in Maine, and which in the end will make a market for your products at your own doors. Educate your children to be ready to take the lead in coming events, and the industrial pursuits of our State, which of all others, is to be the field for energetic operations, will be safe in their hands.

T. S. LANG.

For the Maine Farmer.

Thoughts on Farm Life--Cattle Shows.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—My organ of destructiveness is naturally well developed, and I saw this sheet of foolscap lying here and felt as though I wanted to spoil it; and as I could think of no way to do it more effectually, I thought I would write a little for the FARMER; and as the season for cattle shows is past but not entirely forgotten, I will say a few words on that subject. If it is rather late, it is a good time to form good resolutions and lay plans for the future, while we can remember what was lacking in the past.

I have visited three, beside the State Fair this season, and at all of them there is still evidence that people have not yet learned to look upon such occasions in the proper light. Too many of them think it is "boys' play;" and there are many of our best farmers—that is, those who labor hard and till the soil successfully, who, when you ask them if they are going to cattle show, will say: "Yes, I guess I'll go over and see what's going on; the boys want to go." And when they get there they may be seen sitting down here and there, or leaning on the fence with their mouths all ready to apologize for being there, and a guilty smile upon their face, such as we frequently see on that of a man who has been off fishing in haying time, or any other time when he thinks he ought to be at work. If such a man has a pair of cattle on the ground, he will take special pains to tell you that he did not drive them to show, but the boys wanted to put them in to make out the team. There is too much of this feeling still clinging to the farmers of Maine, but we have reason to be thankful that it is fast disappearing. No man should feel that his neighbors have got up a show and he has come to see the sights; but every man should be bound to count one among them, and be there with his stock, his produce and his family, and above all, he should be there *himself*; thus, when all men feel interest enough in the affair to go, there is no danger but there will be articles enough on exhibition to make it a pleasant and profitable occasion.

Now let us take a glance after the cause of the indifference which many farmers feel and show so plainly. In some cases, no doubt it is owing to a natural indifference to anything except the present wants of the mouth and pocket; but I think there are still some who do not want people whom they see away from home, to know that they are farmers. The fact is, the farmers have paid too much attention to a false idea which others have tried to impress upon their minds, namely: that farmers were such, because they were not smart enough to get a living any other way; and consequently those unfortunate individuals who were doomed to follow such a degrading occupation, were by force of circumstances, sentenced to hard labor for life. But this illusion is being dispelled. The farmer's boys who have so long been accustomed to drop their heads with an indescribable feeling of self assumed inferiority, whenever they met a person driving a fine horse and they were with oxen and cart, or saw one in fine clothes, while they wore soiled and patched garments, are beginning to realize that it takes something besides cloth to make a man or woman either, and are as proud, and as justly so, of their skill in the use of the plow, shovel and scythe, as other classes are of their dexterity with the Revised Statute or pill box.

O. H. L.

North Turner, Nov. 26th.

For the Maine Farmer.

Shall our Agricultural College prove a Success?—No. 3.

I presume all will admit that the true mission of the agricultural school is to give more dignity and respectability to hard, muscular labor; by inducing thoughtful, intelligent young men to acquire education and culture, and return and settle down for life, among the producing portion of our people, performing the very same labor that the great mass of mankind must always perform. Having made some suggestions as to the mode of conducting the school to secure this object, I come now to the duty of the people at home.

It seems to me that a great mistake has been made by those having the oversight of labor, especially of fathers with their sons, by overdoing them, so as to completely prostrate all their energies, mental and physical, and make them dread labor, as something to be avoided if possible. In the community where I received my early impressions of labor, it was the custom to have the boys out in the morning through the summer by about sunrise, and to work with all their might till dark; and in the fall after digging potatoes all day, to unload them in the evening, or to husk corn till nine o'clock at night, while our fathers would generally contrive to find some less muscular labor. With this treatment we could neither read nor study much, nor regard such labor as a boon, or a duty to be followed through life.

We say then, there is need of reform here. Fathers should perform with alacrity and delight, just such work as they require of their boys, and this should be anything that needs to be done on the farm, whether with the spade, iron bar or pitchfork; and if temperately performed, it will be a blessing to both father and sons, and be no detriment to reading and study sufficient to qualify them for most positions in society.

But as I have not the time to make further suggestions on this point, that seem to me important, I come directly to the question, do the working people of our State really desire the success of our agricultural college? If they do, they must give some assurance to our ambitious, intelligent young men, that it will pay in some way to be educated farmers and laboring men; if not in wealth, in position in society. And if this is not done, after all our endowments and donations, the school will be just about as useful to the people as a school to tame partridges; because if our young men get an education, they will turn it to the best account by entering professions, that are now the only roads to distinction, or seek for commercial and mercantile employment, as most likely to bring wealth.

By the introduction of a system of administering justice without authority in the constitutions, the principles of natural justice, or the principles of the common law of England, from which it is alleged to be derived, laboring men are virtually excluded at present, from holding positions of honor and trust, or of having their proper influence in the affairs of government about as much as they would be if a law was enacted that no man performing hard labor should be eligible to any situation of honor or trust. I have never known but one man that labored with his hands, as the masses do, that attained distinction, and yet continued to labor. Some men that once labored, by entering the profession of law, or by some political convulsion or civil commission, have come up to the surface and been wafted on by the breezes of political favor, as Knownothingism brought forward Henry Wilson, or the late civil war Gen. Grant, our own Gov. Chamberlain and many others; but do any of these men dignify physical labor by continuing to perform it?

I do not contend that the people would be less likely to vote for a man because he labored, if they believed him qualified for the position to be occupied. They would rather prefer such an one. The trouble is, to find laboring men, with intelligence and education, of the right kind to fit them for the highest positions. Not only intelligence, but a good general education, with habits of thought and study, an aptness for writing and composition, a training in speaking in public, at least so much as to be able to sustain the right, are essential qualifications of those to fill our highest offices. My position is, that farmers and laboring men are shut out; excluded from habits of study and thought, and improving their gift in speaking and writing, so that the education they have once acquired, or the talent that is in them, is smothered and lost to the community. I propose in my next and last number for the present, to point out the remedy for this evil.

D. BROWN.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Statement from Mr. Vittum.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I notice a statement corrected in your issue of Nov. 21st, at the request of P. M. Jefferds. Will you do me a favor by correcting in your next, your report of the contest of four-year-old mares and geldings for a purse of $20 at the last State Agricultural show at Portland. In your number of the FARMER (45) dated Aug. 17th, 1868, you say that the best time made was 3 21. That is what I took to be the best time made at the show in Portland by four-year-old colts. I know nothing about what time Mr. Jeffred's colt has made in private, neither have I said anything about it. My colt made the time 3.17 in public, on a track that is seven seconds slow when in good condition. Compare it with your report in your paper of the 17th August, and see who is in error. I would like to have it fairly stated, and let the public judge for themselves who was in error.

O. O. VITTUM.

Nov. 24th, 1868.

For the Maine Farmer.

New Drift Theory.

I have puzzled my brain a long time in trying to account for the existence of those singular ponds sometimes found enclosed by sand and gravel formations, such for instance as occur some six miles northwest of Augusta, in what is known as the Plains. I believe it is generally conceded that these sand and gravel formations are of drift origin of the iceberg period. Some of these ponds are very deep (there are I think fifteen in all) having no visible outlet, with many other deep depressions but containing no water. My theory for their existence is this: those monster icebergs got aground, the earth washed in around them, the water subsided, the ice afterwards melted, leaving those depressions something as we see them now. There is also evidence of enormous masses of ice having been driven along there, by the furrows that have been ploughed in the clay in many instances, and which I can account for in no other way than through iceberg agency.

J. N. WADE.

Augusta, Nov. 16, 1868.

Smoking Hams.

I received a new idea from Mr. Locke in regard to smoking hams. Let the hams remain frozen and wrapped in papers through the cold weather. In the spring, smoke your barrel by gradually burning under it, when inverted, a bushel of cobs, then rinse the barrel with warm water that is to be used in making the brine. For one hundred pounds of meat, use ten pounds of salt, two quarts molasses, two ounces saltpetre, with water enough to cover the meat. Scald the brine, skim it, and put it with the hams, packed in the smoked barrel. Treated in this way the hams have the taste of smoke meat, without smoking, and will keep, like other salt meat, through the summer. —*Cor. New England Farmer.*

Agricultural Miscellany.

Fungi, or Smut.

The farmer, in passing through his fields of corn or wheat, has his attention often arrested by ears of the grain which have undergone a most singular metamorphosis or change. In place of the sound kernels he finds a huge black excrescence, composed of what seems to be an impalpable, sooty dust, which soils the fingers and clothing when brought in contact with it. This smut, or fungoid growth, is a very remarkable production, and, regarded from every point of view, seems to be devoid of all use—a thing to be hated—an abomination. The mass of sooty dust is a regular plant, of most singular and complex structure, and possessing a reproductive power hardly excelled by any vegetable or animal organism. As though the chances of the hateful thing for multiplying itself were not great enough with ordinary organs, it has conferred upon it three or four different modifications of the function. They may multiply themselves by means of the spawn, or mycelium, by self-division or lamination, which may be regarded as a species of germination, or they may be propagated by seeds or their equivalents, produced in special receptacles. Every cell or tissue may contain its germs, and each germ springs up into new forms, equally fitted for propation, in a few hours or minutes. While examining some of the cells under the microscope, they are observed to pass through the course of their existence, and give birth to thousands of new organisms.

The number of germs or other reproductive bodies which parasite fungi produce, is incalculable—almost infinite. One grain in weight of the black matter found in place of the ear of corn, contains upwards of four millions of spores or seed vessels, which are again filled with sporules so minute that the highest powers of the microscope fail to discover them.

Doubtless the reader, if familiar with farm-work and a keen sighted observer, has often seen a kind of etherial smoke or evaporation proceeding from the diseased heads of grain, when moved by a slight breeze. This apparent vapor is formed of the millions upon millions of the seeds of the fungi, which, proceeding from the ruptured vessels, float like an airy cloud or gossamer veil, whither the winds may drive them. The atmosphere is loaded with these germs of the latter days of summer; and, if it were not for a wise provision connected with their fructification and growth, fungus or mildew, would spread over the vegetable world like a pall of death. Nothing but fire or strong acids seem competent to destroy the seeds, so tenacious are they of vitality. Summer's heat nor winter's frost cannot kill, nor water drown them.

Fortunate indeed is it, that they require peculiar atmospheric and other conditions for their growth. If these are not favorable, they will not spread nor develop themselves. Some seasons are peculiarly suited to the awakening of the dormant seeds which rest upon everything, although entirely invisible to the naked eye. Last year, the fungus peculiar to the grape, called mildew, manifested itself to a fearful extent in many sections of the country, causing great loss. Sometimes the wheat crop is cut off by the fungoid growths called rust; and, occasionally, all vegetable substances suffer from the rapid fructification of these strange parasitic plants.

Sulphurous acid destroys the germs; and this we secure by the application of sulphur to leaves and fruits before the pest fairly manifests itself. Under cover, in glass structures, it can be completely mastered by proper care; but out of doors, the ruin can hardly be averted.—*Dr. Nichols' Journal of Chemistry.*

Talk about Hens.

A large amount of praise is lavished upon foreign breeds of hens, but not a word is said in behalf of the native hens, which these foreigners have almost entirely driven out of the country. I have tried almost all of the different breeds, and have now gone back as near as I can, to the old-fashioned native breed of hens. My favorite color is red for the male birds, and red or yellow for the pullets, with yellow or deep orange colored legs. At maturity the cocks should weigh from four to five pounds (not over five and a half pounds) live weight; the pullets of course would weigh a little less. The pullets are good layers and sitters, and make excellent mothers. The chicks will come to maturity in one-half of the time that the Brahmas must have to mature, and are more hardy, not so liable to disease, and when dressed are plump and handsome—have heavy breasts, which is the beauty of a perfect chicken. There is less waste in bones, feathers, &c., compared with the number of pounds of clear meat, than with the large coarse breeds, and I think they are the handsomest in form, gait and color.

My hens are not confined at any time during the whole year; in warm weather they need but very little grain. The chicks are fed with cooked meal—never feed it raw; mixed with sour milk improves it. I have a few hatched the last of April; these are ready to kill or send to market by the middle of August. I always select out the best pullets to keep; never breed in; change roosters with my neighbors, or buy one or two that suits me. In-breeding will cause the eggs to grow smaller and less in number; the chicks will be less in number and not so hardy. If I was going to keep any of the foreign breeds, it would be some of the middling-sized European breeds; but these have not done so well with me as the old native hens, and I think that if one-half the care is bestowed on the native hens that is given to the fancy breeds, the natives will produce more eggs and chickens than the fancy breeds. I know that only a few will agree with me, but the number is increasing every year, and many that now have fancy hens are eager to get back to the old breed.

The hen fever that has raged for a number of years has done only one good thing—it has awakened an interest in this branch of business that was too much neglected; and I believe that if no importations had ever been made of foreign "biddies," but the same care given to our natives, we should have more real worth than we have as it is now. A bushel of corn fed to native hens will produce more eggs and meat than it will fed if fed to any foreign breed that I ever saw.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Experiment in Feeding Cows.

In the correspondence of the Ohio *Farmer* occurs the following:—"I have had twenty-five cows to milk, and found timothy and wild grass the best. To feed in winter, use shorts, ground oats, shorts and corn meal; shorts make more milk than bear meal; oats ground do better than either; but corn meal with shorts makes richer milk, but no more of it. I have fed potatoes largely; they do tolerably well, but milk a day or two old gets strong. Ruta-baga turnips and carrots would not do for me to make butter from the milk; but of all the roots I ever tried, sugar beet is the best. I heard pumpkins were good to make milk and tried them. I had twelve milkers; I divided them; fed six with pumpkins three weeks, and all run on grass alike. Those that had pumpkins gave not a gill more milk than the others, but I believe it was a little richer."

Scratches in Horses.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* sends that journal the following recipe, which he pronounces "the best medicine that can be made" for the ailment above named:

Four ounces ointment of rosin; one-half ounce finely ground verdigris; two ounces turpentine; one-half ounce oil of origanum: one-half ounce tincture of iodine; one and one-half pound mutton tallow. Mix all well. Wash the foot clean with castile soap and soft water, and apply the ointment after the foot becomes dry. Once a day will be sufficient to apply the ointment.

Hashed Beef or Mutton.

Slice and brown one large onion with a small piece of butter in an iron sauce-pan; then add one teaspoonful of moist sugar, which also brown well. Mix in a small cup a dessert spoonful of flour with a little water. Pour this into the saucepan, mix well, and add a breakfast cupful of good, plain, beef or veal gravy, stirring occasionally. Cut your cold beef or mutton into thin slices, pepper it, and put into the saucepan with a bunch of sage. Let the whole stew until it boils. Serve up garnished with pieces of toast, as is the English custom.

☞ A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* furnishes the following as a partial list of Fish Breeding establishments: In New York, Mr. Seth Green, Mumford; Stephen H. Ainsworth, West Bloomfield; Mr. William Nicoll, Islip; Mr. Aaron S. Vail, Smithtown. In New Jersey, Dr. J. H. Slack, Bloomsbury. In New Hampshire, Mr. Livingston Stone, Charlestown. In New Brunswick, one connected with the one at Charlestown, N. H.

Principles of Horticulture.

XII. PERSPIRATION.

299. It is not, however, exclusively by the action of light and air that the nature of sap is altered. Evaporation is constantly going on during the growth of a plant, and sometimes so copious that an individual will perspire its own weight of water in the course of twenty-four hours.

300. The loss thus occasioned by the leaves is supplied by crude fluid, absorbed by the roots, and conveyed up the stem with great rapidity.

301. The consequence of such copious perspiration is the separation and solidification of the carbonized matter that is produced for the peculiar secretions of a species.

302. For the maintenance of a plant in health, it is indispensable that the supply of fluid by the roots should be continual and uninterrupted.

303. If anything causes perspiration to take place faster than it can be counteracted by the absorption of fluid from the earth, plants will be dried up and perish.

304. Such causes are, destruction of spongioles, an insufficient quantity of fluid in the soil, an exposure of the spongioles to occasional dryness, and a dry atmosphere.

305. The most ready means of counteracting the evil consequences of an imperfect action of the roots is by preventing or diminishing evaporation.

306. This is to be effected by rendering the atmosphere extremely humid.

307. Thus, in curvilinear iron hot-houses, in which the atmosphere becomes so dry, in consequence of

The Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Saturday, Dec. 12, 1868.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 in advance, or $2.50 if not paid within three months of the date of Subscription.

☞ *These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.* ☜

All payments made by subscribers to the Farmer will be credited in accordance with our new mailing method. The printed date upon the paper, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us *the name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

COLLECTORS' NOTICE.

Mr. V. Darling is now canvassing the county of Penobscot.

Mr. C. S. Ayer will call on our subscribers in Androscoggin county during the ensuing few weeks.

Mr. S. N. Taber is now visiting our subscribers in Waldo County.

Editorial Correspondence.

In a Log House,
Forestville Plantation, No. 5, 1868.

Dear Farmer:—Many of our readers have but little idea of what it is to go into a forest in the Aroostook and make a home there. We took a ride of two miles and a half down the Aroostook river from Caribou to the house of Mr. Hazen Keech, who moved from Bethel in Oxford county to this place nine years ago. Those of our readers who knew him before his removal can judge from our description whether he was a wise man to make a new farm in the forest, or stay where anything more than living from hand to mouth was a hopeless task. Our description will give our readers an idea of what they must endure and what they can secure to themselves. In 1859 he came to the Aroostook with fifty dollars in money, which was all his property at the age of fifty-five. This sum he was obliged to expend for supplies for his family. He took up a lot of State land and cleared seventeen acres and sowed to wheat, and the next year moved in his family. He continued his clearing until now he has one hundred acres in his field and owns four hundred and fifty acres of land. Not a bush is to be seen in his field. He has a splendid barn seventy-five feet by forty-two, and well filled with hay, oats, wheat and buckwheat. He has eighteen head of horned cattle, fat and large, eight hogs, three horses and colts, and twenty-five sheep. He has built a noble hog-house fifty-two feet by fifteen. This will accommodate twelve hogs. Accommodations are fitted up for cooking their food in the same building. He has other outbuildings which are convenient. His leanto is seventy-five feet long and is the most convenient one we ever saw. His crop the present year was forty tons of hay, seven and a half acres of wheat, twelve acres of oats, four acres and a half of peas and oats, one and half acre of rye, thirteen acres of buckwheat, two acres of potatoes, half an acre of corn, an acre of turnips, and one-third of an acre of beans, making nearly forty acres in all of cultivated crops. He still lives in his log house, which is large and comfortable, and where his family can entertain visitors at his table with everything necessary, and even elegant. He lives two miles and a half from stores, and mills, and church, and a good market. He is making arrangements to build a large and commodious house another season, when he will be surrounded with all the comforts of a first-class farmer. Those who knew him when he moved here will be struck with our description compared with what his situation was nine years ago. That a man without means can go into the forest and in so short a time accomplish so much is to us a marvel. His is by no means a solitary case here. Men are to be found all over the county whose story is a similar one. They had the good fortune to have wives that were willing to share their lot cheerfully with them, which serves to nerve up and strengthen any man to noble efforts. His two daughters have settled near him, and it would require a strong argument to induce him to go back again. There are scores of hard working men in Oxford county who have no chance to secure a competence there, who could soon improve their condition by moving to the Aroostook. There are shiftless men here who have a splendid chance, but who prefer to make shingles or go to a lumbering camp than to work on their farms, and thus they remain poor. Such farms can be bought with their improvements, and if a man has a few hundred dollars he can purchase such places and once have the foundation for a good home. The man who has a comfortable home we would by all means advise to remain where he is, and the man who has a whining wife and who is not willing to undergo a little self denial with her husband, better not go to the Aroostook. "Heaven helps those who help themselves," is as true here as elsewhere. We have found as cheerful, as hopeful and as happy women in these new homes as we have anywhere in western Maine. The newspapers find their way to their homes and they know everything that is going on in the world. A man's own fireside is his home let it be where it will, and the older he grows the less will he care for what is going on outside of his own boundaries. They carry with them the institutions of learning and religion, and express a desire that their children should enjoy the privileges of their earlier years. It is remarkable how soon some persons can feel at home in a new situation, while others prefer to be unhappy everywhere, and do their best to make others so.

Y. M. C. A. Lectures. The arrangements are now completed for the course of lectures to take place in this city under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The course is to consist of eight lectures, and is to be opened Tuesday, Jan. 5th, by His Excellency Gov. Chamberlain, who will give his famous lecture "The Defence of Little Round Top at Gettysburg." The other lecturers engaged comprise some of the most able men in the State, and abroad, who have acquired a high reputation as lecturers. The subjects upon which they are to speak, embrace a wide range, are eminently popular in their character and such as will be appreciated and we doubt not generously sustained by our citizens. The lectures are to take place in Granite Hall, and after the opening of the course will occur on successive Thursday evenings during the months of January and February.

Meeting of Congress. The second regular session of the Fortieth Congress commenced on Monday last. A quorum was present in both branches, and it will be seen from our summary of proceedings, that the members were ready to proceed to business. Several important resolutions were introduced and referred to appropriate committe, among which was one looking to the immediate resumption of specie payments, and another proposing an amendment to the Constitution, forbidding the denial or restriction of the right of suffrage on account of color by any of the States. The Message of the President was to be communicated on Wednesday.

☞ According to the calendar winter has arrived, but with the exception of a few cold nights, and the presence of a sharp wind to the north-west on one or two occasions, we should hardly know it. On Monday night last we had a storm of rain and sleet, accompanied with a high wind, clearing off on Tuesday with a mild atmosphere. As yet we have had but little snow, and our stormy skies seem to "blow over" giving us a continuation of clear days and good wheeling.

☞ An Augusta correspondent of the Portland *Argus* says that the pressure of freight business was never greater on the Portland & Kennebec railroad than at present. Large quantities of hay and potatoes are now being shipped over the road, and in order to meet all requirements the company are at work building cars purposely to transport hay, they being so constructed as to carry a greater quantity than the common freight cars.

☞ We see it stated, we know not upon what authority, that the friends of female suffrage propose to hold a convention in this State at some time during the winter, and it is reported that Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell will be invited to speak upon the subject at Augusta while the Legislature is in session.

The Late Richard F. Perkins, Esq. Many of the friends of the late Richard F. Perkins, whose sudden death on the passage home from California was recently noticed by us, will be interested in reading the following particulars of the sad event contained in a letter from a lady passenger on board the steamer at the time, to her friends in California:

"One very sad occurrence, which you have probably heard of—the death of Mr. Perkins—has made the journey a sad one to me. Alfred wanted him to go ashore with us at Acapulco, but he had not slept any the night before, owing to the flapping of the canvas over his stateroom, which was an outer one. He said he did not feel well enough to go, so we left him. When we returned to the ship and told him what a nice time and good breakfast we had, he felt sorry he had not gone. He was not looking very well, and asked me if I thought he looked as usual. I told him he was a little pale, but thought he would be better the next day. We sat on deck talking until dinner time, and he went down with us, eating as usual. He complained of a little oppression in breathing, and said he wished he could draw one long breath. After dinner we returned on deck, but I was very tired, and a little after seven said I would go down and go to bed. Mr. Perkins said he wanted to sit up a while longer, so Alfred remained up with him. I went down and was soon asleep, but was suddenly aroused by Alfred, who told me to get up and come to the door, for he had something to tell me. I jumped out of my berth and went to the door, and he said: 'Mr. Perkins is dead! died ten minutes ago, in my arms.' I could scarcely credit the sad tidings at first. It seemed but a few minutes ago we were joking with each other as usual, and now his spirit had left us, and for him the great mystery of death was solved. Alfred says he was talking to him, when he suddenly threw up his hands, exclaiming, 'Stop talking, and get some water and bathe my head.' He hurried to the nearest stateroom, procured water and bathed his head. The doctor chanced to be passing, and he called him. He ran and got some ammonia and held it to his nose, which seemed to revive him a little. Mr. Perkins said: 'Oh Alfred, I am going to die; I feel it. Don't let me fall or leave me, but stay by me.' He then leaned his head on Alfred's breast and died without a struggle. It was hardly five minutes from the time he called for the water, before he was dead. It gave us a dreadful shock, and even now I can scarcely realize it. It will be a hard matter to tell his son and daughter, who were to meet him in New York.

Alfred tried as hard as he could to have his body kept for burial at Panama, but the captain said it was impossible. He had no convenience for keeping it, and could do nothing about it; so the next day, Wednesday, Oct. 14th, he was buried from the deck of the steamer. The flag was run up at half mast, the steamer stopped, the Episcopal burial service was read by the captain and, responded to by the doctor. Mr. Perkins's body was sewed up in canvass with heavy shot, and at a little past two was consigned to the deep. It seems terrible for one's friend to be thrown overboard like that, but I suppose it was a stern necessity. Alfred had some of his hair cut off for his children. An affecting incident took place a few days before his death. A little bird came to the ship when we were about a day from Acapulco, and after flying around the vessel a few minutes, came and lit on Mr. Perkins' knee, stayed for a moment, and then flew back to the shore. He spoke of it two or three times, wondered it should light on his knee instead of any one else, etc. I thought at the time, had it been a child, I should have thought it an omen of death, but none so applied it to him."

Christmas Presents. The season for the giving of presents—the gala time of the year—is fast approaching. "St Nicholas," the patron saint of the children, has no doubt long ere this arranged his campaign for the season, and is now busy filling his numerous packs and boxes, preparatory to starting forth. How the little people are watching his coming and counting the days to the happy moment! "After four Sundays and two days, Christmas will be here," said a little girl in our hearing recently, who had kept a closer watch of the time than she will want to when she becomes older. But "St. Nicholas" is not the only person who gives Christmas presents. It is a custom that has become almost universal, and is one that all our people have become well educated up to; for as a general thing mankind has to learn the art of giving. Many people there are, however, who count giving a bore, and they will tell you six months afterwards how much it cost them to get over Christmas, and mourn over the presents they made, when in fact the giving of those presents was the very best thing that could happen to them. Nothing so enlarges one's sympathy, so lightens one's heart, and gives such thorough satisfaction as the making of a present; and that too, with no thought or expectation of the same being returned. Try it, and see if you do not feel happier and better for so doing. The happy people of this world are those who give. But it is surprising that so few give with discretion; and of all the money expended in an unworthy manner, we can think of nothing so completely so, as a Christmas present that has been given without regard to whom it is given, or for what purpose. Study to make your presents of some utility, and above all, include in the circle of your gifts those who *need* presents that will do them and their children good. Clothes for the naked and food for the hungry, will bring down upon you far greater blessings than diamonds and jewels upon those who already have an abundance. By all means, do not neglect such in the distribution of your Christmas remembrances. Your employees, your needy neighbors and your poor relations will, we hope, have occasion this season to bless you for the bestowment of many such gifts. Then will your Christmas season be one of true happiness, and the great Giver of all blessings will not overlook you in the distribution of his abundant mercies.

The Sprague Improvements. The Kennebec *Journal* in reply to strictures of the Portland *Press* upon the alleged dilatory movements of the Messrs. Sprague in Augusta, gives the following statement of the improvements which have been made and are now in progress.

"To those not residing in Augusta who may wish to learn the real truth in the premises, it is proper to say that when the sale of the water-power was completed no promise was made to build a factory before the expiration of two years. That time has not passed, yet the first year nearly *sixty thousand dollars* were expended by the purchasers of the property in improvements and enlargements. During the past year one *large new building four stories* in height has been erected and is now nearly filled with machinery, buildings have been remodeled, streets have been built through the lands by the purchasers, one story and a new roof have been added to the old factory, and now the foundations are being prepared for a new factory five stories in height and a basement, the completion of which and its accompaniments will cost more than $600,000. The granite is being hauled for the factory foundation, for the extension of the dam on the western end, and for a new and expensive raceway for the passage of the water for both factories. The bricks for the walls of the factory are already burned or contracted for, and the whole arrangements for its completion are being made. The owners of the water-power and its accompanying lands have a common interest with the citizens of Augusta for its improvement. The intrinsic value of the property in the future is in its development as rapidly as the laws of business and common sense will allow. Already the sale of the property to the Rhode Island capitalists and the evidences they have given of their business intentions by substantial facts, have increased the property of the city *thousands more* than the whole sum voted by the city, and this effect on real estate is being recognized by the coolest and most sagacious capitalists and property holders among our citizens."

Portland & Kennebec Railroad. The winter arrangement for the running of trains on the P. & K. R. R. commenced on Tuesday, 1st inst. The daily morning and evening trains have been discontinued for the winter, and will be run on Mondays and Saturdays only; leaving Augusta on Mondays at 5 30 A. M. (*fifteen minutes earlier than the usual time*) and leaving Portland on Saturdays at 8.15 P. M. Leave Augusta daily at 11 A. M. for Portland, Boston and New York; and Portland for Augusta, Skowhegan and Bangor at 1.10 P. M.

St. Catherine's Hall. It will be remembered that this Seminary was opened several weeks since, while the buildings were still in an unfinished condition, and the limited accommodations did not permit the admission of the full quota of boarding scholars. We are glad to announce that the buildings are now completed, and ready for the reception of pupils. We would also state for the information of the friends of the School, and the public generally, that the School buildings will be open for visitors on Saturday afternoon next. All who desire to do so are invited to avail themselves of the opportunity.

☞ The dedication of the new Baptist Church on Winthrop street, will take place on Tuesday afternoon, 15th inst. The dedicatory sermon will be preached by Rev. A. K. P. Small, of Portland. Prayer by Rev. Dr. Wilson of Waterville. In the evening there will be a social entertainment in the vestry.

Legislative Journal. The publishers of the Kennebec *Journal* will issue their usual tri-weekly and daily editions of the *Journal* during the session of the Legislature. The price of daily will be two dollars; tri-weekly one dollar; payment in advance.

Editor's Table.

The Child Wife: A Tale of Two Worlds. By Capt. Mayne Reid. New York: Sheldon & Co., 500 Broadway. 12 mo. pp. 402.

Capt. Mayne Reid has now become an American citizen, and this is the first of his books in the sale of which he has any direct pecuniary interest. Protected by our laws he now receives the regular copyright of an American author. "Child Wife" is one of Captain Reid's most charming stories, under the garb of delightful fiction, we have almost an autobiography of his own remarkable life, and an inside view of the fearful struggle for Hungarian Independence, with which he was so nearly associated. For sale in this city by Edward Fenno, and at Pierce's Periodical Depot.

A Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene: For Schools, Families and Colleges. By J. C. Dalton, M. D. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12 mo. pp. 400.

A work of great value, and upon a most important subject. Its usefulness is greatly increased by the large number of illustrations, a very full glossary and a complete index. For sale in this city by J. Frank Pierce and E. Fenno.

Library of European Literature. We are glad to see the firm of G. P. Putnam & Son, who were formerly among the leading publishers of New York, again in the field. Besides publishing many American books of merit—including Irving's and Bayard Taylor's writings, and several new novels, among them "Wind and Whirlwind," "Too True," &c—they have started the publication of a new series of popular fiction under the above general title; the first issue of which contains "The Amazon," a novel from the German of Franz Dingelstedt. It is issued in very neat style, forming a 12 mo. volume of 315 pages. Among others of the series to follow, are translations of recent novels from the French, German and other continental languages, and the volumes can be had in this city at Pierce's Periodical Depot.

Plymouth Pulpit. Under this title, Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co., No. 164 Nassau street, New York, are publishing the weekly sermons of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the same being reported for this publication by Mr. J. T. Ellingwood, and receiving the sanction of Mr. Beecher. "Plymouth Pulpit" is well printed, upon good paper, in pamphlet form—suitable for binding—and is sent to subscribers at $3 per annum, or eight cents per number.

Weston Stranded. We see no report of Weston's progress since he reached Biddeford, on Friday night last. He arrived at the Augusta House on Wednesday night last at half-past twelve, having left Belfast at half-past ten A. M., accomplishing only forty miles in fourteen hours. He left this city at 9.20 A. M. Thursday, following the old post road to Litchfield, where he dined. He reached Yarmouth depot that night at 11.45, and started from there again Friday morning, arriving in Portland a little before noon, stopping about two hours, and then taking his departure for Biddeford, which he reached in the evening, making only twenty-eight miles for the day. The total distance traversed by him in the four days was one hundred and sixty miles, falling short of his necessary average seventy-two miles.

The Portland *Press* intimates that Weston has hung up in Biddeford, owing to the non-arrival of funds to continue his journey. His expenses are reported to be sixty dollars per day, the loss of which, if he fails to accomplish the distance within the time stipulated, falls upon him.

The Insane Asylum. It is well known that the increase in the number of inmates of the Insane Asylum during the past year has been so great, that there is now no longer room for the accommodation of new applicants. The Hospital can conveniently lodge not more than three hundred patients, but the pressure for admittance is so great that the present number is about three hundred and fifty. A correspondent of the Lewiston *Journal* says it was only a few days since that a patient was brought thirty miles, and application made for admission, which was refused on the ground that there was no room. The next day another application was made, and after considerable trouble the patient was received. In this view of the case, the Legislature of 1869 should take the matter in hand, and see that ample room was provided. If there is need of an appropriation for the erection of a new wing, it should be had, for those bereft of reason should be taken care of, and have every accommodation afforded them.

☞ Several weeks since, we inserted an advertisement from the Boston Medical Institute, denouncing Dr. Shattuck of this city, as an imposter. Dr. Shattuck claimed the privilege of responding, which we granted, and then closed our columns to all articles of a personal nature from both parties. We have been asked, on the part of the Institute to publish a lengthy reply to Dr. Shattuck's article. This we decline, because we believe the continued discussion of the matter in our columns would be unprofitable, if not disagreeable to our readers. We call attention to the special notice of the Institute in another column.

☞ The Portland *Press* says that the Superintendents of the Eastern and Boston and Maine railroads have decided to make no change in the trains running between Portland and Boston. The 6 o'clock P. M. train, both ways, is to be a permanent one. The continuance of the arrangement will be very satisfactory to business men residing on the line of the roads running into Portland, as it will enable them to take the morning trains to that city, spend several hours there, and then proceed to Boston the same evening.

☞ Those of our readers whose eyes may require the aid of spectacles skillfully adjusted to impaired or diseased vision, are reminded that one of the firm of Lazarus & Moses, the celebrated opticians, will be in attendance at the store of Edward Ruse, in this city, on Thursday and Friday of the present week, and will give special attention to those who may call upon him.

The New England Express Company. The Boston *Journal* states that a meeting of the stockholders of the above company was held in that city on Thursday last. The meeting was very fully attended by the stockholders. It was voted to assess a sufficient sum to discharge the liabilities of the association. The general expression of all stockholders was to resume business.

☞ The Grand Jury of the U. S. District Court in Portland last week found bills of indictment against two enlisted men, James W. Howard and James A. Fairbrother, for incendiarism at the U. S. Arsenal in this city in July last. The have been taken to Portland for trial, which commenced on Thursday of the present week.

Fire in Gardiner. On Tuesday morning about 2 o'clock, fire broke out in the lime shed and one of the stock houses connected with Richards & Co.'s paper mill, in Gardiner. The buildings were nearly destroyed, together with their entire stock of lime and chemicals, and badly damaging other stock. Loss estimated at $5,000, which is covered by insurance.

St. Stephens Bank. The St. Croix *Courier* professes to be authorized to state that the Directors of the St. Stephens bank contemplate resuming the redemption of their bills within a few days. It says there is no necessity for excitement or sacrifice by holders of its notes, as the bank officers declare their ability to meet all liabilities.

☞ The Kennebec steamers running between Boston and Hallowell, have discontinued their trips for the season. The Star of the East will winter in Boston. It is stated that the Eastern Queen will continue on the route from Boston to Bath during the winter.

☞ Mr. T. C. Evans, the enterprising and successful Advertising Agent in Boston, has removed his Agency to the new building, 106 Washington street, where he will have accommodations for the transaction of his largely increasing business.

☞ We learn that Mr. Guy Turner, having purchased the interest of his partner, Mr. Williams, in the management of the Augusta House, the sole conduct of the establishment will hereafter devolve upon him. It is in good hands.

☞ Capt. Benjamin Burbank, one of our most venerable and esteemed citizens, died in this city on Monday afternoon last, in the eighty-ninth year of his age

Items of State News.

The Portland *Press* says that in the Supreme Judicial Court at Portland, Friday, the jury returned a verdict in favor of Dr. Buzzel against the Grand Trunk Railway Company for being knocked down and injured by a train of cars on Commercial street in August 1866, and assessed the damages at $4,544 61. The defendants will make a motion for a new trial.

Mr. Wm. Brown, of New Sharon, attempted suicide one day last week by hanging. He was cut down before life became extinct, and is now in a very critical condition, requiring a number of strong men to hold him upon his bed. It is thought he will not recover.

The Rockland *Free Press* learns that the citizens of Deer Isle are agitating the question of separation from Hancock county and annexation to Knox county.

Kendall Hopkins of St. Albans, was killed on Wednesday of last week, while at work on the shore line bridge across the Connecticut river. Mr. Hopkins, who was foreman of the work, was crushed by the fall of an iron cylinder which was being placed in position.

The Portland *Press* is informed by a gentleman from Hollis, that some of the mills there engaged in making sugar-boxes had suspended operations, owing to the insurrection in Cuba and unsettled state of business matters in that island, and that others would close next week.

The Rockland *Gazette* says St. George was formally opened as a port of delivery on the 1st inst., in accordance with the act of Congress of last winter. This new ad vantage in custom house business will be a material assistance to the maritime interests of St. George, and will contribute to the growing importance of the place.

Over thirty miles of the Bangor and Piscataquis railroad are now graded. The number of men at work on it has considerably diminished at the approach of cold weather, but a force will work in the "deep cuts" through the winter, and by April most of the road will be ready for laying the track, says the *Piscataquis Observer*.

The Lewiston *Journal* is informed that Mr. Wm. Vosmus of Danville, has found a valuable gold mine on his farm. Specimens were taken out of the ledges and sent to Boston to be assayed, and they were returned with the estimate that the rock would work $1,900 per ton.

The Portland *Advertiser* states that Wm. Melville of Wareham, Mass., belonging to a Rockland vessel, was drowned one night last week, while attempting to go on board his vessel at Union Wharf. He, in company with two shipmates, all intoxicated, fell overboard. Two were fished out by the captain, but it was not known that Melville was with them.

The Augusta correspondent of the Bath *Times* states that a friend visiting Chas. E. Fuller of Hallowell, a well known steamboat agent and clerk, had the misfortune Thursday, to lose a very interesting little girl of between four and five years of age. She was at play with a little round whistle which she got into her throat, causing death before the doctor arrived.

The Bangor *Whig* says a man was waylaid Tuesday night, while passing through Hackett's Grove, about two miles from Winterport, by a robber who demanded his money or his life. The man pretended to be earnestly endeavoring to pass over his stray funds, when he struck the ruffian a blow which felled him. Some tall speed was shown between Hackett's Grove and Winterport, that night, and the man who made the best time wasn't Weston.

The *Advertiser* says that in one of the wards in Portland there are 186 widowed ladies and 37 maiden ladies over 40 years old. Four of the widows have had three husbands, five have been divorced, and one has had six husbands.

We learn from the Piscataquis *Observer* that Henry Bishop, Esq., of Sangerville, dropped down dead in that place on Friday last. Probably the cause was heart disease or apoplexy. His age was 77 years.

Two young men, one of whom was named Charles Lawrence, a son of N. S. Lawrence, Esq., of Pownal, while skating on Royall's river in North Yarmouth, on Friday afternoon last, broke through the ice.—Young Lawrence was unfortunately drowned, but the other managed to extricate himself. Although assistance was quickly procured it was an hour and a half before the lifeless remains were recovered.

The Lewiston *Journal* is informed that three young ladies were drowned while skating on the ice at Little River village, on Wednesday of last week.

The house of C. M. Gustin, in Saccarappa, was burned on Friday night last. Loss $2,000; insured $600.

The main tannery building near Libby's Corner, in Westbrook, owned by J. Dow & Sons, was destroyed by fire on Thursday evening last. All the dressed stock was in the building, and in the rear there was a large quantity of bark piled up. The fire extended to this, and one large pile, containing from 300 to 500 cords, was destroyed. Another pile, containing some 200 cords, was saved. The loss cannot as yet be determined. There was an insurance upon the property of about $20,000.

The Portland *Argus* says that the molasses business in that city is five times larger this year than it was last. The amount of molasses withdrawn from bonded warehouse during the month of October for home consumption was 8,649 hhds., 1,298 trcs., and 486 bbls., comprising 1,177,237 gallons—which paid a duty of $94,178,06 in gold.

The Belfast *Age* says that the students of Bowdoin college have awarded a silver vase and the championship of the college to Alfred J. Monroe of Belfast, for fast walking; he having walked 1¼ miles in 12 minutes and 39 seconds; at the rate of 7¼ miles per hour.

The Machias *Union* says a child three years old, daughter of John Evans, Jr., of Millbridge, was fatally burned, Nov. 16, by its clothes taking fire from a stove while the mother was at the well for a pail of water. It lived but a few hours.

The Farmington *Chronicle* is informed that Moses Wells, the mail-carrier from Phillips to Rangely, who has not lost a trip on account of bad traveling for four years past, was two days getting through to Phillips, after the storm on Thanksgiving Day. Another gentleman says the snow on the Mile Square road, in Avon, was piled in drifts twelve feet high.

The *Whig* says the store in Glenburn occupied by Alfred Smith, was destroyed by fire last Tuesday night. Nothing saved. A barn connected with the store was also destroyed. Mr. Smith's loss on stock was about $1,700, on which he had $1,200 insured. The store was the property of Mrs. Scripture, who occupied the upper part as a dwelling. She was absent that night. Mr. Ward Scripture owned the barn. There was no insurance on the house, barn or furniture, which were valued at about $1,200. Mrs. Scripture also lost $300 in money. The origin of the fire is unknown.

The Portland *Press* says that the shoe store of Mr. Green on Congress street, in that city, was entered on Saturday night, and boots and shoes to the value of $50 taken. A clairvoyant was called upon who designated the place of concealment.

The Eastport *Sentinel* states that a valuable watch chain, jewelry, and a sum of money was stolen from the house of Capt. Onslow Ludlow. At the time the articles were missed, Mrs. Ludlow and a woman who was employed as seamstress, were the only occupants of the house. Lately, by means of a detective, it has been ascertained that the woman employed in sewing, now living in Lewiston, was the thief, and the watch, chain and jewelry were found on her person.

In the upper portions of Piscataquis county the snow is said to be very deep and badly drifted. Between Monson and Moosehead Lake it is piled up even with the fences and it is with difficulty that stage teams can force their way through the drifts.

The Bangor *Whig* relates the following sad incident: Last night at the Marshal's office, two little girls, about 10 and 12 years of age, bright and pretty, came and asked that an officer might be sent to bring their father, who had come home drunk, and lock him up in the Watch House for the night, as they and their mother were afraid to have him at home! The man is a first rate mechanic, and but for his passion for drink might be in independent circumstances.

Florence Soda Soap. We can conscientiously recommend the Florence Soda Soap, manufactured by Lincoln & Sons, North Vassalboro, as an admirable article for washing purposes, and for a great variety of uses in the family economy. As a labor-saving soap, it has no superior, and we have no doubt that it will become as popular with housekeepers as any other article of the kind in the market. It can be purchased of grocers generally throughout the State.

Shocking Tragedy in Orrington.

Concealment of the Body and its Discovery—Arrest of the Murderer.

The Bangor *Whig* of Saturday last, contains the details of a shocking affair, occurring in the town of Orrington, Penobscot county, and which has recently come to light. The statement as given in the *Whig* is as follows:

"The quiet little village of East Orrington, situated on the banks of the Segonkedunk stream, four and a half miles from this city, was thrown into a state of the greatest excitement on Thursday last, by the discovery of a horrible murder which had been committed in that village.

Mr. Warren George, an estimable citizen of East Orrington, between sixty and seventy years of age, has lived during the past year in a small one-story house, containing one room below and a sleeping room above, having for his fellow boarder a young man named Howard A. Cleveland, about twenty-four years of age. Mr. George is a widower, whose sons and daughters are grown up and live away from home, and he had lived in this manner to lessen the expense of living. He had been making arrangements to go to Massachusetts to visit his children, and was to start on Wednesday, the 18th of November. On the evening of Tuesday he was at the house of his brother, leaving there about nine o'clock to go home. The next day he was not seen, and it was supposed that he had left for Boston, though it was thought strange that he had not called, as he had agreed to do, at the house of his sister for a letter and package which he was to take with him. His friends did not feel easy about his sudden disappearance, and his sister wrote to his daughter to know if he had been there, and on Tuesday last received answer that he had not, and that she knew nothing of his whereabouts. By this time suspicion was painfully aroused that there was foul play in the matter. Meantime young Cleveland had disappeared, having been seen at work about the house on Wednesday, the 18th, and had gone away on the next day. Beside this, all the goods in the house had been removed to the house of Mary A. Blaisdell, mother of Cleveland by a former marriage. Accordingly after hearing that George was not in Boston, his brother went to the house of Mrs. Blaisdell and called for the key of the house which had been occupied by her son and Warren George. She refused to give it up, saying there was nothing in the house and Howard left the key with her for her to rent it. After some further talk and inquiries, in which she informed him that Howard and George had gone up river, and was going to Boston upon his return, he went away.

On Thursday, the citizens of the place being determined to solve the mystery, said they should enter the house if they were obliged to break the door down. Mrs. Blaisdell then went with them and opened the door. Upon entering, Micajah Currier, Esq., one of the persons present, saw at once some blood on the side of the stairway. Upon going up stairs, nothing remained in the room but a bedstead, from which all the clothing had been removed, and which had been taken down. A close examination revealed to him more signs of blood, and where the floor had been scraped as if to remove what had defied attempts at washing away. The truth was then apparent that there had been foul play, and the next thing was what had been done with the body? While looking around and conversing together in the lower room, it was noticed that Mrs. Blaisdell kept her position over a part of the floor where there had been a trap door. As she stepped aside it was observed that the boards were nailed solidly down, and a spot of blood was discovered.

To tear up the boards was but the work of a moment, when a pile of tan bark was discovered, under which something was evidently hid. Scraping away the bark loose earth was found, when one of the men went for a shovel, not knowing how much would need to be dug away. At this time Mrs. Blaisdell complained of being 'chilly,' and saying she could be of no further use, went home. Upon the shovel being brought, and two or three inches of dirt shoveled away, a quilt was seen, which, upon opening, was found to contain the body of the missing man. After sending for a coroner the body was examined, and it was found that George had been murdered by being shot through the body, the ball entering the right side and coming out near the left shoulder. There was also a contusion or fracture of the skull over the eye, which appeared to have been made by striking with a pistol or other instrument. It was proved at the inquest that Cleveland, on the Monday preceding the murder, borrowed a pistol of Mr. Currier, ostensibly to shoot a raccoon which he had seen, and returned it again the day after the murder was committed. On the same day (Wednesday) he hauled a load of tan bark from the tannery, as he said to bank his house, but which he really used to hide the body. Thursday afternoon he left the city on the cars, remaining at Waterville over night, from whence he proceeded to Boston the next morning.

Mr. George was a man who had done considerable business, and had, it is supposed from his statements and the knowledge of his neighbors, money and bonds variously estimated from three hundred to one or two thousand dollars, and it was to obtain this that the murder was committed. He also had a gold watch, but nothing has yet been found which was his. The bed upon which the murder was committed, and clothes worn by the deceased on that day, are neither of them to be found and are supposed to have been burned.

Mrs. Blaisdell, who is an old woman of nearly seventy, is said to have been at work at the house on the day succeeding the murder, and the day when the tan was hauled with which to cover the body. An inquest was held and a verdict rendered charging Cleveland with the crime, and naming Mrs. Blaisdell as an accessory."

Facts coming to the knowledge of Marshal Bolton, of Bangor, in regard to the whereabouts of Cleveland, he took the train for Boston on Friday last, and with the assistance of the Boston police, arrested the accused at three o'clock on Saturday morning, at his sister's residence, No. 96 Leverett street. He was found in bed with his own sister, a woman about twenty years old. When arrested, he made no inquiry of the officers in regard to the cause of his arrest, nor any demonstrations such as an innocent man would have been likely to have made. On searching Cleveland, the officers found in his pocket a loaded self-cocking pistol, and a silver watch, which it was ascertained he had traded in exchange for the gold watch of Mr. George. The gold watch has been recovered, and also an overcoat, in the possession of the prisoner, belonging to Mr. George.

Cleveland was brought to Bangor on Saturday, in custody of the officers, and lodged in jail.

The *Whig* of Monday, in giving an account of the arrest, says:

"The prisoner refuses to make any confessions, and when told that the watch had been found, asked where they found it, but denied any knowledge of it. He made no conversation while being brought home, unless in answer to questions.

The prisoner, Howard Austin Cleveland, is twenty-five years old, five feet six inches in height, slightly built, light hair and moustache, the latter, however, having been colored since the murder. He was a bounty-jumper during the war, having been enlisted on the quota of Bangor, and assigned to the 1st Heavy Artillery, from which he got discharged by feigning to be deaf and dumb, using a slate in carrying out his feint, with a great degree of success. He has also served six months in the jail some three years ago, being held for breaking into a store in Ellsworth.

Mrs. Blaisdell is an old lady, sixty-five or seventy years of age, stoutly built, and of firm cast of countenance. Her appearance throughout has been against her. When arrested she showed no signs of agitation. It appeared as a matter of course. Afterwards, she remarked to the officer, in reply to a statement of the case, 'I'm innocent;' but continued she hadn't any doubt it was her son who did it. 'But,' she added, 'I've had a good many hard blows in my life, and I haven't any more tears to shed.' When the charge of being accessory was read to her in Court, she manifested no feeling, but pleaded in a firm voice, 'I am not guilty.' She is silent save when spoken to, and, indeed, her whole appearance tallies so well with that of her son, that it seems as if it must be the result of an arrangement between them. The coolness and reticence of both is as remarkable as it is surprising."

On Tuesday morning, Cleveland and Mrs. Blaisdell were brought before the Police Court for examination, which resulted in the committal of the former for trial at the February term of the Supreme Court. Mrs. Blaisdell was also required to give bail for her appearance at the same time, to answer to the charge of being accessory to the crime.

Loss of Steamer Hibernia. Intelligence via Atlantic cable, has been received of the loss of the steamship Hibernia, bound from New York to Glasgow. The captain and eighty-one passengers are reported saved. One of the steamer's boats with thirty-three passengers on board was lost. The steamship sailed from New York on the 14th of November for Glasgow. She sunk Nov. 25th, seven hundred miles to the westward of the Irish coast. The passengers and crew all took to the boats, five in number. Two of these boats have been picked up. One is known to have been capsized and all on board were lost. It is now certain that fifty-two passengers, including the captain of the Hibernia are saved. The first mate was drowned. Intelligence from the missing boats are looked for with great anxiety.

☞ On Friday last, the distance from Liberty to South China and return was walked by Mr. Matthew Hobbs, of Liberty, in seven hours, for a wager of $300. This entire distance traversed by him was thirty-two miles, or a little better than four and one-half miles per hour.

☞ Fort Lafayette, in New York harbor, famous as a place of imprisonment for rebels and traitors during the late war, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday afternoon, 1st inst.

Congressional Summary.

Fortieth Congress---Second Session.

Monday, Dec. 7.

Senate. The Senate met at noon. Forty-eight were present. Prayer by the Chaplain.

Mr. Sherman presented credentials of Senator Hill of Georgia.

Mr. Drake moved to refer to the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Sherman hoped that such an unusual course as the reference of a Senator's credentials to a Committee would not be taken, unless some good reason for it should be shown.

Mr. Drake said of course he had no objection to the gentleman whose credentials had been presented, but the question as to admitting him involved the greater question whether the power of Congress over a reconstructed State ends the moment that State is recognised by either House as restored to her position in the Union. If that question were to be answered in the affirmative, then it would be in the power of any State immediately upon being recognized, to undo everything it had done under the reconstruction act and restore the rebels to power. It was in his judgment a question of continuing the power over the lately rebellious States to secure the great results at which its legislation had hitherto aimed, and he would give no vote which could by implication deny or dispute that power.

On motion of Mr. Sherman, Mr. Hill's credentials were tabled for the present.

Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to enforce the provisions of the constitution abolishing slavery.

A bill was introduced to provide for specie payments by July 4th next.

House. The galleries were crowded: The Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Boynton, opened the session with prayer.

The Speaker directed the Clerk to call the roll of members and delegates. One hundred and sixty-four members answered to their names. The States of Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas were unrepresented. None of the Arkansas members answered to the call.

Several members elected to fill vacancies were qualified and took their seats.

The Speaker also presented credentials from Governor Bullock of Georgia, declaring that he was satisfied that under the 14th amendment of the Constitution, the person elected as representative from the 6th district of Ga., (Mr. Christy,) was not eligible, and that therefore he gave the certificate to the person receiving the next highest number of votes, Mr. Whitney.

The subject was referred to the Committee on Elections.

Mr. Boutwell offered a resolution, directing the Committee on Reconstruction to examine the condition of public affairs in Virginia, Mississippi and Texas, and report what measures were necessary for the better protection of life, liberty and property. Adopted.

Mr. Pike offered a resolution directing the Ways and Means Committee to report a bill for the payment in gold of United States notes commonly called greenbacks. Referred to Committee of Ways and Means.

Mr. Elliot introduced a bill continuing the Freedmen's Bureau in Virginia, Mississippi and Texas, and presented a memorial from the Governor and other citizens of Virginia, which was referred to Committee on Freedmen's Affairs.

Mr. Wood offered a resolution requesting the President to communicate copies of letters of instructions to the American Minister at London, relating to the settlement of the Alabama claims, and any subsequent correspondence with him or the British goverament on that subject, which was adopted.

Mr. Washburne of Illinois, reported that the joint committee to wait on the President had performed that duty, and that the President would communicate in writing on

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Foreign News.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

Dispatches via. Atlantic Telegraph.

LONDON, Dec. 1. The Queen has recovered from her slight indisposition and will leave for Osborne soon after the opening of Parliament.

Mr. Disraeli will not propose any more names for the peerage during the remainder of his present administration.

MADRID, Dec. 1. On Monday a political meeting of the Monarchists, in Valladad, was broken up by the Republicans.

MADRID, Dec. 1. A rumor is abroad that the Government of the United States have recognized the insurgents in Cuba as belligerents. Admiral Mendez Nunez has arrived in Madrid. The Republicans attacked and dispersed a meeting of Monarchists in the town of Areuz.

PARIS, Dec. 1. Gen. Prim, in a letter to *Gaulois*, declares that the present Spanish Government will have no dealings with Bourbons, and he denies with indignation, the truth of the report that he proposes a *coup d'etat*.

LONDON, Dec. 2. It is reported that Mr. Disraeli has gone to Windsor to tender the resignation of the Ministry.

LONDON, Dec. 2.—Midnight.—Prime Minister Disraeli has published an address, announcing and defending the resignation of the Ministry. He reviews the progress of the resolves in favor of the dis-establishment of the Irish Church, believing the country would not sanction such measure. The government awaited the elections, for the holding of which all expedition was used. The result shows that the Ministry cannot command the respect of the House of Commons, therefore they feel it due to their own honor and the policy supported by them, not to continue unnecessarily in office a single day; deeming it more consistent with the attitude they hold, the convenience of public business and influence of their party to resign at once instead of awaiting the meeting of parliament in which they must be in a minority. While taking this course they do not modify their opinions, and are more than ever convinced that Mr. Gladstone's proposition is wrong in principle, and probably impracticable, and one which if practicable, would be disastrous to the nation. They are ready to support reform in the Church of Ireland, but will still offer uncompromising resistance to the policy enunciated by Mr. Gladstone.

CORK, Dec. 2. Mr. Sullivan, who was struck from the Commission of the Peace, for alleged sympathy with Fenianism, has been elected Mayor of this city.

LONDON, Dec. 3. Hon. Reverdy Johnson, American Minister, was entertained at a banquet last night given in his honor by the Chamber of Commerce of Birmingham. Mr. Bright was one of the guests. Mr. Johnson, in the course of his response to the usual complimentary toast, referred to the change in the Ministry and said he knew that those who were likely to succeed to the government were anxious to continue the present policy in the negotiations between England and the United States. Mr. Bright said "The presence of an American Minister is proof that the United States forgave its enemies in England as freely as it has forgiven the rebels in America." He reviewed the policy of the British Government during the rebellion in the United States, and deplored its action in recognizing the rebels as belligerents. He rejoiced in the prospect of a speedy and amicable settlement of the difficulties between England and the United States.

MADRID, Dec. 3. The Provisional Government has published a fixed tariff schedule for the Antilles, to take the place of the present shifting and arbitrary scales of customs duties.

The *Impartial* newspaper predicts that, if the Republicans succeed in the forthcoming elections, a new ministry will be formed with Espartero as Prime Minister and Castellar, Aegueros, Sorma and Pierros at the head of the Departments.

Espartero has been asked to become temporary dictator of Spain.

LONDON, Dec. 3—10 P. M. Dispatches from Paris report that the police, fearing that manifestations would be made in favor of Baudin, took every precaution to prevent the people from assembling at the tomb. A large number of people, however, gathered in the neighborhood of Montmartre Cemetery. The police dispersed the crowd, but they retired sullenly, and continued for some time to occupy the neighboring streets. A few of the more obstinate persons were arrested, but there was no actual violence, and at last accounts all was quiet in the vicinity. One of the French journals, which appeared yesterday with a black border, was immediately seized by the police. The prosecutions of the editors and publishers for promoting the Baudin subscriptions continue.

The strike among the printers of Paris has ended.

BERLIN, Dec. 3. The King of Prussia received the French embassador to-day and assured him of his friendship for France.

LISBON, Dec. 3. Later Rio Janeiro dates have been received. The war news was unimportant. The United States squadron and Mr. MacMahon, the American Minister to Paraguay, left Rio Janeiro on the 27th ult. Ex-Minister Washburn was expected at Rio Janeiro.

LONDON, Dec. 4. Right Hon. Wm. E Gladstone had an audience with the Queen yesterday afternoon, and formally accepted his appointment as chief of the new ministry. There was a great gathering of Liberal chiefs at his house last evening. The *Times* this morning, in an editorial on the Cabinet about to be selected, thinks Lord Romilly present Master of Rolls, will be appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir Roundell Palmer Master of Rolls.

Monitour gives an account of an attempted demonstration at Mont Martre Cemetery on the anniversary of Baudin's death, fully confirming the reports previously received from Paris. The *Monitour* says the crowds were dispersed by the police, who found it necessary to make only a few arrests.

☞ The trial of Deacon Samuel M. Andrews, for the murder of Cornelius Holmes, in Kingston, Mass., on the 26th of May, 1868, commenced on Tuesday last, in Plymouth. The circumstances attending the murder, and the social standing and relations of the parties, invest the trial with more than ordinary interest. On Monday the testimony on both sides was completed. The defence set up was insanity. The prisoner was admitted to testify in his own behalf. His testimony is substantially as follows:

"Holmes, the murdered man, had about nine years since commenced giving him presents, consisting of cloth, carpet, furniture, pictures, silver ware; and he testified that most of the clothing he had worn for ten years, had been given him by the deceased.

About nine years ago Holmes slept at the prisoner's house in the bed with him, and he tried to commit a crime against nature then, but was frustrated by prisoner. This was repeated about five years ago last July in Boston and again frustrated, and the following night at Newmarket, N. H., prisoner refused to sleep with deceased. Two years ago last June, at the Tremont House in Boston, the same thing was again attempted, but was prevented as before. The prisoner then testified in relation to the will, but it did not vary from previous testimony.

In relation to the homicide, he said that on the Tuesday afternoon on which it was committed he had some planting to do in his garden, and he sent a note to Holmes after six o'clock, appointing a special meeting with him. He came and conversed in relation to some apple stumps and a part of the garden, when he asked prisoner if he was going to the store, and was answered in the negative, when he asked prisoner to go and look at some lots in the cemetery, and afterward sat on the cemetery stile. He then took the prisoner's arm and led him down the lane, and when they got to some pines, deceased went among them but prisoner refused twice, when deceased came at him furiously and threw him down, tearing open his clothing and holding him by the beard. Prisoner grasped a stone and struck him, and the two rolling down a bank he struck him again while rolling.

Prisoner then testified that there was a blank in time, and he remembered nothing until he stood over him with stones in his hands which he threw, and ran to the pond in the cemetery where he bathed his head and went home. He said it was his intention to tell all, and he sat down by his gate, but he thought it would kill his wife, and he there concluded he would not tell; he did not know a secret killing might be justifiable on the ground of self defence, and he said the brutality shown him was another reason for not telling. He gave an account of the manner in which he secreted his clothing, and said that from the following morning he did all he could to keep the will secret, having first thought of it then.

In answer to the question as to whether he had any previous intentions of killing Holmes, he said he had not, as God was his witness. He denied having put his hands into the pockets of the deceased, and the remainder of his testimony in chief was in relation to pains in his head. In cross examination he said it was when he was in bed, after the murder that he made up his mind to conceal every fact connected with it, and that he had attempted to implicate persons in the killing; he said he first decided to confess, after the officer told him he had been seen going to the water with a bundle."

TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT DISASTER. On Friday night, at about half-past 11 o'clock, the steamer United States descending the Ohio river, and the steamer America, ascending, came in collision at Rae's Landing, about two miles above Warsaw, on the Indiana side. The America struck the United States on the right-hand side, forward of the steps, cutting into her a considerable distance, and causing her to sink to her main deck in two or three minutes. The United States had some petroleum on her deck, to which fire in some way was communicated, and almost as soon as the steamers came in collision, they were in flames. Both steamers were completely destroyed in an incredible short space of time. About 75 cabin passengers were on the United States, more than half of whom were lost.

The reports of the officers are very conflicting, but as near as can be learned 45 passengers, including 18 ladies, and in addition seven officers and cabin crew were lost, while only four out of 22 deck hands are known to be saved. The accident is attributed to mistakes in the whistles.

There were 96 passengers on the America, only one of whom is known to be lost.

The destruction of these fine and costly steamers, resulting in such a terrible loss of life, and fears for the fate of those who are missing have cast a gloom over the entire community.

THE DEAF AND DUMB CONVICT. A correspondent of the Portland *Press* says that Levi Jack, the poor deaf mute who set fire to the almshouse in Dixmont last spring, and was in August condemned to death, is to receive more proper and humane treatment at the hands of our State government. It was subsequently argued that he was insane, and Gov. Chamberlain, near the middle of November, commissioned a Board of examining physicians, consisting of Drs. Germaine and Estabrook of Rockland, and Chase of Thomaston, to decide upon the sanity of the mute. They unanimously agreed that Jack was of unsound mind. Afterwards Warden Rice stated that his opinion was the same, and that many of the prisoners had expressed disapproval of the execution of a lunatic. He will probably be sent to the Insane Asylum.

Special Notices.

BOSTON MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We would notify the public that all regular students or Physicians at the Boston Medical Institute receive a certificate of time of Study, or Service. Those claiming to have been such who cannot produce a certificate signed by Dr. R. GREENE, Superintending Physician, ARE IMPOSTERS; and Dr. Greene will not hold himself responsible for the result of their treatment.

We have always maintained that a three years course of Study and two courses of Lectures, which is required for graduation, is time short enough to qualify Students for the responsible position of a Doctor of Medicine, and we do maintain that it is much too short a time to qualify them for the successful treatment of cancer, scrofula, and kindred diseases.

A pamphlet descriptive of Diseases and their treatment, the origin, object, and success of the Institute, can be obtained free by addressing DR. R. GREENE, 10 Temple Place, Boston.

O. D. HENDRICKSON, M. D.,
Secretary to Boston Medical Institute.
1tf

The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1869, for distribution, gratis, throughout the United States and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive NATIONAL CALENDAR.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected. Among the Annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking*. Send for copies to the Central Manufactory, at Pittsburgh, Pa., or to the nearest dealer in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The BITTERS are sold in every city, town and village in the United States.

MRS. A. W. KIDDER,

Botanic Physician.

No. 3, Milford St., Boston, Mass.

FORMERLY OF NORRIDGEWOCK, ME.

Would respectfully say to all who are suffering from Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Canker, Cancers, Sores in the Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Fits, Dyspepsia, Deafness, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Blood on, Paralysis, Numb Palsy, Liver Disease, Heart Disease, Chronic Diarrhœa, Female Weakness in all its forms, Lung and Bronchial Difficulties, Bleeding, Cough, Catarrh, Phthisic and Asthma, Dropsy, Chills and Fever, Kidney Diseases, Cholera Morbus, Worms in Children, Consumption when not firmly sealed.

That the above named diseases, she will cure, if the patient is not out of the reach of medicine—(her directions to be strictly follow d.)

She can be consulted by letter or otherwise, by giving a correct statement of the patient's case; medicine can be sent by Express or otherwise.

Mrs. Kidder will be in Augusta, at Eureka Hall, east side of the river, the last week in each month, until further notice. Send for circular.

Boston, Dec 1, 1868. 5tf

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY.
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Cures Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diphtheria, Bronchitis Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally It is a remarkable remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Stoppage of Watery Drops, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other Complaints.

BOSTON, Jan. 20, 1868.

POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND.—After having given it a thorough trial we can confidently recommend *Poland's White Pine Compound* as a very valuable article for the cure of colds, coughs, and pulmonic complaints generally. In several cases we have known it to give prompt relief when all other remedies which had been tried had failed. It is an article, which, in a climate so promotive of sudden and severe colds as is that of New England, ought to be in every family; and we are sure that those who once obtain it and give it a fair trial, will not thereafter be willing to be without it.—*[Boston Journal.*

A VALUABLE MEDICINE. *Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound*, advertised in our columns, is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity and the proprietor has testimonials to its value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all those cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists.—*[N. Y. Independent.*

The *White Pine Compound* is now sold in every part of the United States and British Provinces.

PREPARED AT THE NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT, BOSTON, MASS.
4m42

A Busy Man is a locomotive, and life a track. Every night he drives into "the house," and stops. Every morning he is fired up anew, and away he goes switching off in one direction and then in another. In this routine of business he forgets that the physical organization is of the most delicate kind. If a hard iron locomotive needs constant care, and to be well oiled up and rubbed off every day, how much more necessary is it that all men and women should use PLANTATION BITTERS, which are the *ne plus ultra* of everything which is necessary to keep the system in a perfect tone of health. 1w1

MAGNOLIA WATER—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price. 1y50

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UNION SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS,

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LEE, HIGGINSON & CO. offer for rent, Safes inside their Vaults, at rates from $20 to $100 per annum. They also offer to receive, on Special Deposit, or Bailee, securities of persons living in the country or traveling abroad, Officers of the Army and Navy, Masters of Vessels, and others. Circulars, containing full particulars, forwarded on application to

Boston, March 1, 1865. 1y13 HENRY LEE, MANAGER.

250 VALUABLE RECEIPTS, BEAUTIFUL Arts, Ways to Make Money, New Discoveries, Choice Secrets, &c., sent free. Agents wanted. Address WOOD & CO., Vernon, N. J. 13t42

What is the surest remedy for an itching scalp, and to remove dandruff from the head? Hall's Sicilian Hair Renewer. 1m50

Catarrh, Catarrh—Disgusting Complaint.

Get pint bottles of WOLCOTT'S ANNIHILATOR. It will cure it. And if you have rheumatism, or any pain, get Wolcott's PAIN PAINT, in white wrappers, at all druggists. 2t52

I AM BOUND TO SELL

Good MELODIONS and ORGANS at very low prices. Please send for new Price List. B. M. MANSUR.
Augusta, Dec. 1st. 2t52*

Will any preparation restore the hair to its original color and not injure it? Yes! Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. 2w0p1

Married.

In Hallowell, Nov. 28, by Rev. Geo. W. Cortis, Daniel G. Black to Emma Knowles, both of Augusta.

In Kingsbury, March 26, by Rev. A. G. Devoll, Forest P. Parkman to Nancy A. Manter also, Aug. 3, Selden W. Flanders to Mary E. Hurson, both of Mayfield; Oct. 7, Edward G. Masterman of Greenville, to Betsy Ella Cousens of Kingsbury; Nov. 29 John F. Crawford of Greenville, to Cyntha L. Gushe, of Kingsbury. [The New Bedford *Standard* please copy.]

Died.

In Augusta, Dec. 14, Capt Benj. Burbank, aged 88 yrs. 9 mos. Nov. 30, Lydia Nason, aged 66 yrs. [Massachusetts papers please copy.]

In Augusta, Dec. 6, Bessie, wife of Henry T. Hall, and eldest daughter of the late Sylvester Judd, aged 24 yrs.

In Parma, Mich., Nov. 24th, of typhoid fever, Wm. H. Dunton, formerly of Augusta aged 29 yrs.

In Marlboro', N. H., Nov. 15, Mrs. *Mary Dow*, wife of Rev. H. P. Dowd, formerly of Maine, aged 33 yrs.

In Bath, Dec 3, Elijah G. Dunton, aged 38 yrs.

In Monmouth, Oct. 22, Fanny, wife of Ebenezer Prescott, aged 85 yrs.

In Unity, Nov. 17, Clement B., son of William and Hannah B. Taber, aged 25 yrs.

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November*, 1868.

ON the petition of OLIVER GREEN, Guardian of Ida E. Green and William O. Green, of Augusta, in said County, minors, having petitioned for license to sell the following real estate of said wards, the proceeds to be placed on interest, viz: All the interest of said wards in the south quarter of the homestead farm of the late William O. Green, deceased, east of the field that lies east of the Bolton hill road, also in one-half acre of land at the southwest corner of said field.

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 1*

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November*, 1868.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will and testament of Oliver Wedge late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate.

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November*, 1868.

JOSEPH W. PATTERSON, Administrator de bonis non, on the Estate of Edward R Savage late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 1*

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN WATCH CO.
WALTHAM, MASS., Nov. 1868.

WE HAVE APPOINTED

EDWARD ROWSE,

124 Water Street, AUGUSTA.

DEALER IN

WATCHES, SILVER WARE, JEWELRY,

And Spectacles,

Our Selling Agents for the City and vicinity of Augusta, and intend to keep in his possession at all times such a stock of

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,

and Watch Movements as will enable him to supply any demand either at wholesale or retail which may be made upon him, and at rates as favorable as are offered at our sales in New York or Boston.

FOR AMERICAN WATCH CO.

3m1 R. E. ROBBINS, Treasurer.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

FOR 1869.

The Conductors of "Our Young Folks" intend to preserve the high literary character of the Magazine, and at the same time to give it a more comprehensive and practical cast than heretofore. They feel confident that the arrangements they have made for the coming year, will answer all reasonable demands of parents and educators for a Magazine at once entertaining and useful.

The following are some of the principal features of

OUR YOUNG FOLKS FOR 1869:

The Story of a Bad Boy. By T. B. Aldrich. One of the brightest and most entertaining stories ever written for youthful readers.

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The World We Live In. A valuable series of articles by Mrs. Prof. Agassiz, telling about Coral Islands, Coal Deposits, Earthquakes, &c.

Biographical Sketches of the Great Navigators, Voyagers, and Discoverers. By James Parton.

American History. By J. H. A. Bone. Articles of great interest and value on "The Mound Builders of the West," "The First New England Thanksgiving," "Salem Witchcraft," "King Philip's War," "Pere Marquette and the Mississippi Explorations."

Gun-Making, Coal-Mining, Ship-Building, Watch-Making, and other attractive branches of Industry. By J. T. Trowbridge.

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☞ TERMS:—$2.00 a year if paid in advance; 2 copies, $3.60; 5 copies, $8.00; 10 copies, $15.00. ATLANTIC MONTHLY and OUR YOUNG FOLKS together, $5.00

*.*A copy of "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" for 1869 will be sent gratis to any person who will act as Agent for the Magazine and procure a Club for it. Specimen Copy, Premium List, Circulars, &c., sent on application.

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2w51

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM.

NEWPORT, ME., June 1st, 1867.

GENTS:—I write to acknowledge the benefit I have derived from "ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM." One year ago I had a severe attack of Hemorrhage of the Lungs. Was confined to the house for months, part of the time raising more or less blood each day. My friends had almost given me up to die with Consumption. In the month of February your Agent was at my father's house, and hearing me cough he brought in a bottle of Allen's Lung Balsam, asking me to try it and see the result. I laughed at the idea, but to please my friends I began to take it freely at first as directed, until I raised large quantities of phlegm and matter. When this matter was once thrown off I felt greatly relieved; my cough grew better each day. I have not raised any blood since I first began to use the Balsam; my cough is entirely well—not even a hack. I am able to work all day if necessity requires, and Allen's Lung Balsam has wrought this cure. With sincere gratitude I am very truly yours, &c.,

MRS. L. A. STUBBS.
4t1E

PIANIST'S MATINEE

Contains National Airs of 30 countries, Opera Melodies, Sonatas, Songs without Words, Four-hundred Pieces, Polkas, Redowas, Marches, Quicksteps, Easy Pieces Fingered for Beginners, 100 Fancy and Contra Dances, 50 Waltzes, 26 sets of Quadrilles, (including *Lancers; Caledonian, Prince Imperial, the German, Grand Duchess, Dixie Ballroom*, &c.) with calls Over 300 pieces of popular music, containing the latest compositions of Strauss, Gungl, Parlow, C. Faust, &c., being a musical Library in itself. Price, boards, morocco backs, $3; cloth sides, Turkey morocco backs and corners, $4; same, full gilt, $5. A first-class musical present. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. ELIAS HOWE, 193 Court St., Boston.
4t1

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

SEWING MACHINES!

Before purchasing, examine the ELIAS HOWE SEWING MACHINES; the *best* in the world for all kinds of family sewing. Simple and practical. The only genuine "HOWE" has a w*LOCK STITCH," (Medallion head of Elias Howe) on the bed of each Machine.

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57 and 59 Bromfield St., Boston.
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Silent-Feed

SEWING MACHINES.

Noiseless, Simple, Practical and Durable.

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4t1E H. C. HAYDEN, Agent.

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Use C. FRED. FUELLING'S LIQUID STAR DYE COLORS. The Liquid Star Dye Colors are much stronger than any other Liquid Dye in the Market, and will dye from two to three times the quantity of cloths, and cost no more. Wholesale and Retail by TITCOMB & DORR, Druggists,
West end Ken. Bridge, Augusta.
3w1

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF AUGUSTA.

AUGUSTA, Me., Dec 7, 1868.

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of Shareholders of the First National Bank of Augusta for the choice of Directors, will be held at the Banking Room of said Bank on Tuesday, the 12th day of January, 1869, at 11 o'clock A. M.

I. BOOTHBY, Cashier.
2w1

TRINITY COMMANDERY K. T.

The stated conclave of Trinity Commandery will be holden at Masonic Hall this day at 2 P. M. Dec 11, at 2 o'clock P. M. Work in all the orders; a full attendance is requested.

Per order of the E. C.
1w1 GEO. W. DORR, Rec.

THE LACTOMETER, OR

MILK THERMOMETER,

For testing the quality of milk. For sale by TITCOMB & DORR, West end Kennebec Bridge. 3w1

$60 PER MONTH and large commissions paid to sell *Wonder of the World* and three other discoveries. Address J. C. TILTON, Pittsburgh, Pa. 4w1

IMPROVEMENT IN

CABINET ORGANS.

(*Patented* 1868.)

THE MASON & HAMLIN

IMPROVED VOX HUMANA

Is a new invention, now ready in several styles of the MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS, to which the manufacturers invite attention, believing that it is likely to prove

THE MOST POPULAR IMPROVEMENT EVER MADE

in instruments of this class.

It is now several years since the invention and application to such instruments as the VOX HUMANA, which was first applied by its inventor to the Organs of Mason & Hamlin, who were urged to introduce it to the public. In its then imperfect state, and especially considering its liability to get out of order, they were unwilling to adopt it. From that time continuous experiments for its improvement have been made in the factory of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company and elsewhere, which have at last been eminently successful, the result being the Mason & Hamlin Improved Vox Humana, combining several patents.

In combination with the Automatic Bellows Swell, used only in these Organs, it wonderfully increases the capacity and beauty of the instrument, imparting delicious qualities of tone, and producing novel and exquisite effects, especially adding to its variety and delicacy of expression, and increasing, somewhat, its power. The peculiar excellencies of several Orchestral Instruments are successfully imitated; and altogether as frequently characterised by organists "the effects is fascinating." It is simple in construction, free from liability to get out of order, and requires no additional skill for its use, being operated by the ordinary action of the bellows, requiring no separate pedal.

STYLES AND PRICES.

Attention is invited to the new styles of Organs, and new scale of prices announced this month.

NEW STYLE, No. 21—FIVE STOP DOUBLE REED CABINET ORGANS, with Vox Humana. Case of solid Black Walnut carved and panelled, new design. Stops Diapason, Viola, Melodia, Flute, Vox Humana. *The best Organ of its size that can be made.* Price $170.

NEW STYLE, No. 22—The same Organ, in Rosewood Case. Price $200.

NEW STYLE, No. 39—The same in Pipe Organ style of Case. Carved and Panelled, Walnut, with richly Gilt Pipes. Price $300.

NEW STYLE, No. 27—SUB-BASS AND OCTAVE COUPLER CABINET ORGAN, FIVE STOPS—Diapason, Principal, Octave Coupler, Sub-Bass, Vox Humana. Solid Walnut Case. Each key commands four separate reeds or vibrators. An Organ of surpassing power and brilliancy, and great variety. Price $200.

STYLE No. 1—FOUR OCTAVE ORGAN—Solid Walnut Case, plain. Price $50.

STYLE No. 3—FOUR OCTAVE DOUBLE REED ORGAN. Solid Walnut Case, plain. Price $75.

STYLE A—FIVE OCTAVES, ONE STOP—Tremulet, with one set of Vibrators throughout. and Knee Swell. Carved and Panelled Walnut Case. Price $100.

STYLE C—FIVE OCTAVES, FIVE STOPS, Viola, Diapason, Melodia, Flute, Tremulant, with two sets of Vibrators throughout, and Knee Swell. Carved and Panelled Walnut Case. Price $125.

MANY OTHER STYLES AT PROPORTIONATE RATES.

The superiority of the MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS is well established. They are the *acknowledged standard of excellence* among instruments of the class; were awarded the Paris Exposition Medal, and have been honored with an amount and degree of commendation from the musical profession of this and other countries never given to any other instrument.

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WILLIAM B. BRADBURY'S

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This was the last Book in this department upon which Mr. Bradbury was engaged. Its extraordinary sale is evidence that it is the most popular book of its class issued for many years. Already it has reached its *sixtieth thousand*. It is the only book upon which Dr. Mason and Mr. Bradbury were jointly engaged as authors. It is very full and complete in all its departments, embracing the fullest variety for Singing Schools, Choirs and Societies. It contains a much larger number of tunes than other new books, and is sold at as low a price.

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WOMAN.

Females, owing to the peculiar and important relations which they sustain, their peculiar organization, and the offices they perform, are subject to many sufferings. Freedom from these contributes in no small degree to their happiness and welfare, for none can be happy who are ill. Not only so, but no one of these various female complaints can long be suffered to run on without involving the general health of the individual, and ere long producing permanent sickness and premature decline. Nor is it pleasant to consult a physician for the relief of these various delicate affections, and only upon the most urgent necessity will a true woman so far sacrifice her greatest charm as to do this. The sex will then thank us for placing in their hands a simple specific which will be found efficacious in relieving and curing almost every one of these troublesome complaints peculiar to the sex.

HELMBOLDS

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Poetry.

THE OLD BARN.

No hay within its wide spread mows,
No horses in the stalls,
No broad-horned oxen, sheep, or cows,
Within its time-worn walls.

The wind howls through its shattered doors,
Now swinging to, and fro;
And o'er its once frequented floors
No footsteps come or go.

Oh! once alas! each vacant bay,
And every space around,
Was teeming with sweet scented hay,
The harvest of the ground.

And well fed cattle in a row,
At manger ranged along,
Each fastened by an oaken bow,
Stood at the stanchions strong.

But where so long old Dobbin stood,
His master's pride, and care,
And from his hand received his food,
All now is vacant there.

Then these broad fields, from hill to plain,
Waved in the summer air,
With choicest crops of grass, or grain,
Now left so bleak, and bare.

How sweet the music of the flail,
Resounding far, and clear,
As borne upon the passing gale,
It reached the distant ear.

The black-bird hailed the dewy morn,
From out his rushy perch,
The sparrow sang upon the thorn,
The cat-bird on the birch.

The robin from the highest tree
Sent forth his whistle clear,
His soul partaking of the glee,
That wakes the vernal year.

And childhood's merry shout was heard,
The farm-yard choir among,
Which, mingled with the notes of bird,
Enriched the tide of song.

The master on his daily round,
With conscious pride would go,
His faithful dog close by him found,
Attending to, and fro.

Old honest "Trip," long since has gone,
And moulders 'neath the wall;
No more he takes the welcome bone,
Or hears his master's call.

The kindly master too has died,
The matron in her grace,
And dead, or scattered far and wide,
The remnant of their race.

But peace, and blessings, on the past,
The poet now would say;
Our joy cannot forever last,
Nor sorrow ever stay.

D. R.

Brookbown, Dec. 29, 1867.

Our Story-Teller.

UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

It was three o'clock on a fine warm afternoon in the latter end of April. The garden at the rear of the comfortable, whitewashed, thickly thatched cabin was abundantly stocked with early cabbage and potatoes; everything bore the look of humble prosperity; from the blue smoke curling up from the freshly made fire on the kitchen hearth, to the green meadows where the cows were lying, peacefully ruminating. A broad river, glistening in the sun's rays, rolled smoothly beside the boundary wall of their pasture.

Yet Kate Moran stood at her father's door, looking sadly across the river to the mass of shipping, houses and spires, which rose on the other side.

"Mother, honey, I can't keep me eyes off that dhreadful place!" said she, turning as she spoke to an elderly woman who sat knitting on the bench near the fire.

"Musha, acushla, what good'll that do ye?" said she, rising and going over to the door also. "Come in, now," putting her hand on her daughter's shoulder caressingly.

"Oh, mother! to think o' the poor fellow bein'——" here she fairly broke down and burst into a wail of distress.

"Whisht now!" cried her mother. "Here's your feither comin', and don't let him see ye cryin'."

Kate ran hastily into a bedroom, as her father entered the kitchen.

"There's no chance for the poor craythur, Pat?" asked his wife, as a broad-faced, good-humored-looking man came forward and sat down on the settle.

"Chance?" said he, roughly, while his face clouded. "Sorrow chance! He'll be hung, as sure as I've this pipe in me hand."

"Lord have mercy on his sowl, the craythur!" moaned his wife.

"Oh, musha! amin," said her husband, sighing. "I'm goin' in wud the cowlt to the fair to-morra, an' to see the last of him. It's niver I thought to see poor Mick Welsh's son on a gallus!"

The sun was setting over the opposite hill, where the tall many-storied houses rose in terraces and steep lanes, and was shedding the last beam of his radiance on the large dark stone building which crowned the height. The red light seemed to be concentrated on one part of the building, where there was an iron gateway, spiked and double locked. Far above in the dark massive wall was a small black door. And beneath this door and around this gateway, men were busy, putting up strong timber railings; while a crowd, talking and gesticulating, constantly pressed in among the workmen, and were driven by officials in uniform and a few soldiers.

Inside the massive walls, other workmen were busy but their work was commonplace enough. Something was wrong with the great main sewer of the jail. Masons and bricklayers had been laboring for some hours; and now, when the city clocks and bells were striking six, they were taking up their tools, putting on their coats, and leaving their work till next day.

There were no rough jests among them. One man laughed as his companion slipped down into the slimy ditch whence they had emerged; but his merriment was checked by an involuntary look from the others toward the far side of the yard, where a man in a felon's dress and with manacled hands was walking slowly up and down.

"Lord have mercy on his sowl!" muttered an old mason, compassionately, "Poor Tim Welsh! As honest a boy afore he got into bad company, as iver a father rared."

Whether the prisoner had caught the sound of his name or not, he raised his head and looked sadly toward them.

"Lord help him!" said two or three of the men, "for makin' away with one poor sheep—what a rich man had plenty of!"

An official came across the yard to look at their day's work, and after asking some questions, walked away, saying, "Come along now, the gate is open."

So, casting a backward glance at the manacled prisoner, the men passed through an arch into the inner court, whence the great door opened them out into the street.

The manacled man gazed after their retreating figures, with a sigh—almost a groan—as he thought of their return to their homes, free and happy from their honest labor while he——the "rap, rap, rap, tap; tap," of carpenters' hammers outside beat at the thought he could not dwell upon.

There was no one with him, no one near him, but a turnkey pacing up and down an angle of the building; for in those days there was a far less vigilance than now. He was not confined to his cell on this, the last day of his life, but was permitted to walk about the quadrangles of the prison; apart from the other criminals, however, and securely handcuffed.

Bitter and despairing were his thoughts. He thought of his gray-haired widowed mother, of his stalwart young brothers, of the lads he had played ball with, of Katie Moran, whom he had danced with at the fair only two month's ago. Mechanically he walked across the square to the place where the bricklayers and masons had been busy; thinking as he did so, half unconsciously, how large the opening was, how long the great sewer was, and where it emptied itself. Suddenly a thought occurred to him, making his pale, thin face flush, and his fettered hands tremble with excitement. He turned sharply away lest he should excite suspicion, and loitered with his former heavy weary step toward the doorway of the inner court-yard.

"Goin' in, are you?" said the turnkey.

"Yes," replied the prisoner.

The official stalked on before him into the adjoining square, then opening a door, passed through a long stone corridor, and stopping before a cell door, unlocked it. "If you want anything, you can call," he said, graciously, through the trap in the door as he relocked it.

"Thank ye," answered the condemned man. If the official had been better skilled in reading faces, he might have looked to the fastening of the cell door a little more carefully.

Tom Welsh had noticed that the bolt of the lock was very shaky, and he knew that a shaky bolt can be forced back.

It would not be dusk for a long while yet, but he could not wait; the one chance—desperate—hopeless, as it seemed, must be tried quickly. While the turnkey's steps reechoed in his hearing, he, still fettered, unscrewed the iron leg of his bedstead, and, stealing forward, waited until he heard the great doors at the end of the corridor clash; then, putting the leg of the bedstead between the bolt and the wall, he strove with all his strength to force it back. But it resisted, and he dared not make a noise.

In despair he replaced the leg, and sat down to recover breath. Soon he heard another turnkey coming.

"What is it? What d'ye want?"

"A dhrink of water, please; I'm very thirsty."

When the turnkey had brought in the water, and retired, Welsh, who had been watching the lock, saw that, though gone to its place, it was not half as far gone as before. He drank the water to cool his burning mouth and parched throat, and seizing the iron leg again, listened as before until the door clashed, when, placing the instrument in the old place, he—first gently shaking the bolt—gave it a vigorous blow, the sound of which was lost in the noisy echoes from the shutting doors. The bolt shot back, he pulled the door open, and peered around; returning to his bed, he replaced the leg, and made up a bundle under the clothes, as well as he could with the aid of the bolster; then closing the cell door softly after him, he ran lightly down the gallery to the door that opened into the yard. The key was in it, he turned the key, and glancing around for the second time, shut it after him and darted across to the arched doorway, where a sentry paced.

How to get past this soldier was the question, while he trembled in mingled horror at the sound of the "rap-rap," "rap, tap-tap" coming freshly to his ears, and the thought of probable freedom, and more probable recapture. At this moment the sentry turned back on his beat, and the prisoner, crouching in the doorway, stole swiftly along by the wall to the opposite side of the yard, and slunk in beside a buttress. The open sewer was on the same side, but further down. Trembling in every limb, he lay huddled up, not daring to move, lest he should attract attention, until the sentry turned for the third time. Then he fled along by the wall, and dropping into the sewer crept into the darkness.

"Safe for a while, anyhow, glory be to God!" he gasped.

But as the poor creature pushed his way onward, through the foul air, in a stooping position, with his fettered hands pushed out before him to feel his way, a deadly sickness came over him. Still the faintly glimmering prospect of escape kept him up.

Fortunately there were but few rats. Five or six times he felt them biting at his feet, from which his coarse stockings had long been cut to pieces, and heard them squeaking as they scrambled up the dripping walls. "Will I ever smell a fresh breeze again, Lord help me!" he groaned. As he crawled along under the principal streets he could hear the carriages rolling over his head, and at one grating which he came, he heard the words of a song, chorused by some men near a public house. At length, after he had been more than eight hours on his way, he heard the rolling of the river, saw a faint gleam through the pitchy darkness, felt a faint fresh breeze from the flowing tide. A few more steps—falling in his eagerness—and the glimmer grew clearer, the breeze grew fresher, and he reached the river bank.

It was just four o'clock, and the clear solemn light of the dawn was shed over the sleeping city; the gardens were fresh in early fruit and flowers; the noble river rippling serenely on, and the cottages, trees, and meadows lay far on the other side. Very far off they looked, and the river—cold, broad and deep, lay between; yet the undaunted fugitive, fettered, aching, sick, exhausted, muttered another prayer, and plunged in.

The cold water gave him a temporary strength; keeping his eyes fixed on the goal of his hopes, he swam on, almost entirely by the movement of his legs and feet, as his hands were nearly useless to him.

But the bracing effect of the cold shock was soon followed by a distressing numbness. His utmost efforts barely sufficed to keep his head above water and propel him slowly onward. Slower and fainter became each stroke, and a wave of the rising tide rushed over his head, when with the gurgling moan he made a last effort and his feet toughed the bottom. He now stood upright, and slowly waded to the low muddy shore, where he sank down on the sedge and sea-pinks, and swooned away.

"I must be stirrin' meself," said Pat Moran to his wife, about half-past four o'clock that morning. "I've a power to do. I've to take the cowlt to the fair, an' the turnip field to plow afore I go."

Just as the first beams of golden sunlight were resting on the cabin chimneys, and on the high buildings of the city hill opposite, he led his two horses from their stable to the field by the river, where the plow lay, and having yoked them he began turning up the furrows afresh.

"It's a fine mornin', glory be to God!" he soliloquized, "on'y fer the poor sowl that's to see the last of it. Musha! What's that? Woa, thin," he cried, suddenly catching sight of something which looked like a heap of muddy clothes. "Lord save us!" And without losing a moment, he ran down to where the unconscious man was lying, face downward, on the sedge.

Pat Moran's first impulse was to run for help; his next to raise the body gently and drag it further up. The motion aroused the poor half-dead creature.

"Who, in heaven's name, are ye, an' what brought ye here?" inquired the farmer, look in terror at the handcuffs.

"I'm—aren't you Pat Moran?"

"Yes."

"Pat, ye know me poor father. Tim Welsh, the poor fellow that's to be hanged to-day. Won't ye thry an' save me, for the love of God? I've come through the sewer. I'm all night creepin' through it, an' I swam the river, an' I'm 'most gone! Won't ye thry an' save me, Pat Moran, and the Lord 'll remimber it to you an' your childher for iver."

"Tim Welsh! Lord be good to me. What am I to wud ye? I'm done for, if you're found wid me, an' how can I save ye? What am I to do? Sure 'tisn't in the regard of sayin' that I wouldn't do a good turn for ye, Tim, but the counthry'll be roused afther ye, an' where'll I hide ye, or what'll I do at all?" Thus groaned the farmer as he opened the little gate and led him into the kitchen, where Kate was baking a griddle cake for breakfast.

"Father, honey! O lor! What's that!" she cried, as the tottering figure in the soaked discolored garments came into the cheerful light of the turf fire.

"Whisht, acushla! It's Tim Welsh," he whispered. Kate sprang up from her knees, and her face grew white.

"Kate, honey, what are we to do wud him?" said her father, trembling, as he recounted the manner of Tim's escape.

"Hide him, father!" she cried, with all a woman's impulsive generosity. "The Lord pity you!" she added, bursting into tears at sight of the wretched object before her.

"I'll do what I can, Tim. Give him a bit to ate, Katie. I'll spake to same one I can thrust."

"Pat, me life is in your hands," broke in the fugitive.

"Never fear, avick. I'll do me best for ye." He hurried away a few hundred yards to the house of his landlord, Protestant minister; he knocked furiously at his front door, and was admitted by a sleepy maid-servant.

"Somethin' I want to spake to the masther about—I'm goin' to the fair this mornin'—tell him I'm in a great hurry, af ye plase."

After a minute's delay the gentleman appeared.

"Somthin' very particular, Sir," said the farmer, in a low voice. "About that cow you spakin' to me, Sir," he added, for the maid-servant's benefit.

"Come into my study here, Moran," said his landlord.

"By your lave, Sir, I'll shut the door," said Moran. Then walking over to the table he put his clasped hands upon it.

"Misther Raymond, I can thrust you. I'm in a great hobble, Sir, an' I dunno what to do at all. Misther Raymond, you was always a kind friend, and a good friend, and you'll not betray me? It's another man's sayores, an you must give me your word, Sir, else I'd be afeard to let mortal man hear me."

"Moran, if you think I can promise as a man and a Christian, I will. You may trust me, whatever it is," said Mr. Raymond.

Thus assured, the farmer unfolded his story, and begged his landlord's counsel.

"I hardly know how to advise you, Moran," said he, as soon as he could speak coherently in his astonishment. "The poor fellow will be found out, I'm afraid, in spite of all you can do, and you'll get into great trouble. Have his handcuffs filed off, at all events," he went on, in a low tone. "Martin Leary will do it, and you can trust him, and maybe the best you can do is to give the fugitive some of your clothes, and some food, and this." He took a guinea from a drawer. "Bury his prison clothes carefully in the manure pit, and start him on the road to Wexford. That is all you can do safely, but be quick."

The farmer left the house and ran to the blacksmith's forge, where the smith and his son were getting to work.

"Martin. I'm in a great hurry, goin' to the fair, an' I want yer to run over wud somthin' to cut a chain for me; 'twon't take you five minutes. Martin, you niver did a better day's work in your life if you'll come as quick yere legs'll carry ye!" He said this in an under tone while the son's back was turned, "and whisht for all-sakes!" he added, clenching his hand and shaking it at the unconscious young Vulcan; then he rushed out, leaving the father grasping a bar of iron, and staring after him.

The smith, with the freemasonry that exists among the Irish peasantry, perceived that there was secrecy and trouble in the way, and that his good faith was relied on. He picked up some tools, muttered an excuse to his son, and followed hastily.

When Pat Moran reached home he was met at the door by Kate.

"Is he safe?"

"Yes, father, he's in the room atin a bit."

Her father went in, and going up to his strange guest, said: "I'm goin' to do what I can for you, Tim." Then they all began discussing eagerly the best way for the fugitive to take.

"But Lord! The whole counthry'll be roused afther him!" broke in the farmer, dejectedly, as they suggested various lonely hill-paths and cross-cuts. "Lord! they'll root up the ground after him! I must thry though, I must thry, Heaven mend me! Af I didn't lave the horses at this time, an' niver," he ejaculated, catching sight of his forgotten team, who had dragged the plow after them to the adjoining meadow, and were grazing there.

A sudden thought struck him, and he hastily returned to the house with his face flushed. As he entered the kitchen he ran against the smith, Martin Leary, who was staring about him.

"Martin, you're shrue an' honest, I know, an' you'd do a good turn as soon as any man I know," said Pat Moran abruptly.

"There's me hand on it," returned the smith, bringing down his black fist on the other's shoulder. In a few words he was told what was required of him, and also of the bright thought that had just occurred to Pat Moran.

"Here! Let me at it," cried the smith, enthusiastically grasping his chisel and hammer. Thereupon the farmer led him into the little room, where Kate was administering hot tea and smoking griddle-cakes to the poor fellow, who ate and drank almost mechanically, with his eyes fixed on the pretty face and busy hands that ministered to him.

"Here, Tim's some one to do you a good turn.Ould out your hands, me boy! Peggy," turning to his wife, who was devoutly groaning and telling her beads in a corner, "go an' get me ould clothes, an' Kitty, run for that yellow clay in the kitchen garden tun!" She did as she was bid, and when she returned was desired to keep out of the room for a few minutes.

"Mother, honey, what are they doing?" she inquired.

"Sorra bit o' me knows, acushla. On'y your father has some plan in his head! Oh! Kitty, agra, I'm hrimblin to think of the throuble he may be gittin into.—Och, Pat, honey, what are ye goin' to do at all?" she cried, addressing her husband, who came out of the bedroom, dressed in his best blue swallow-tailed coat, corduroys, and new gray stockings.

"I'm goin' to show this new sarvint boy where he's to plow, afore I go to the fair, said the farmer, with a wink to the two women, who stared open-eyed at the change of the condemned man with the fatal prison garb dripping with mud and sand, and fettered wrists, into a careless easy-going looking young laborer, in a suit of well-worn and patched frieze and corduroy, dirty and clayey, with lumps of clay sticking on his brogues, a rakish "canbeen" slouched over his eyes, and a black "dhudeen" between his lips.

"Now come on! 'Tis time you were at your work; his name's Maurice Slattery, Kate, an' he's wud us this month back!"

"Oh, father, honey! Oh, Pat, scoushla!" cried the wife and daughter with admiration.

The young man taking the pipe from his mouth, said solemly, "May God for iver bless you, Pat Moran, an' you, Mrs. Moran, an' you, Kate, an' you, Martin Leary," and he grasped their hands all round.

"Come, 'tis six o'clock," said the farmer. "You know where the plow is, Maurice Slattery. You've a new piece of iron to melt, Martin. An' Kate, you've to bury them clothes. Come an' I'll show you where."

Half an hour afterwards he was riding slowly to the fair on his young horse which was to be sold, casting cautious glances backward at the field by the river, where he could see his horses plowing, and his new servant boy toiling quietly after them.

Such confusion and excitement had not been known for years in the old cathedral town. Police there were none in those days; but the whole garrison had turned out in search of the escaped felon. Groups of red-coats perambulated the streets, the roads leading to the country, and even the lanes and meadows. Hundreds of country folk, who had come in to see the execution, also crowded the town. The throng on the prison-hill was so dense that the farmer could scarcely proceed a step. They were all talking vociferously in Irish or English, every one giving his or her version of the wonderful story. Some declared that the prisoner had not escaped, and that it was a device of the authorities to conceal some foul play. When Pat Moran had elbowed his way with great difficulty almost to the prison-gates, he looked eagerly for the objects of his search, some of Tim's own people, whom he discovered sitting and standing together in an excited group.

"Pat Moran, d'ye bleeve this?" said one of the men, hoarsely, clutching the farmer's coat. D'ye bleeve that poor Tim has got out of their cursed thrap?"

"John Welsh, Tim did get out!"

"Whisht! Lord save us!" they all broke in with one volce.

"Tian't safe to say more. I'm thriblin' that some o' them fellows wid the brass buttons will hear me," glancing toward the turnkey, dimly visible behind the iron grating; "but you, John Welsh, an' you, Mick Power, come wud a car to-night to the cross-roads beyant the ferry, at 12 o'clock, an' there'll be a *friend* to see ye. Whisht, for your sowls!"

The prison warders were not long in discovering by what the means the captive had effected his escape, and from the opening, the search was carried aboveground to the mouth of the sewer where it emptied itself into the river. A venturesome spirit even crept up a few dozen yards of the black passage, but speedily returned, vowing that nothing could live half an hour in it. Nevertheless they sought for footmarks on the river brink; but the friendly tide had been before them. Still, on the supposition that he might have lived to reach the river, and swim across, a party of prison officials and soldiers were ferried over, and marched in a body to Farmer Moran's house.

Kate was busy feeding chickens, and her mother peeling potatoes, when they both caught sight of the gleam of scarlet and white cross-belts, and heard loud tones and footsteps.

"Lord, be good and merciful to us overmore, amin! Protect and save us!" muttered Peggy Moran, dropping the potato she was peeling, and turning with a face of terror to her daughter, who whispered, without turning her head:

"Mother, darlin', don't purtend anything, for all sakes. Chucky, chucky! Chuck, chuck, chuck!" she went on, raising her voice gaily, as she scattered the food.

"Servant, Sir," she said, wiping her hands and curtseying to tall stought officer, who strode up to the door, scattering the chickens by the clanking of his spurs and sword.

"Is this Farmer Moran's, my good girl?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Are you his daughter?"

"Yes, Sir, and this is my mother."

"Where's your husband, Mrs. Moran?" said the officer, turning to the poor woman, who was endeavoring to look calm.

"At the fair, Sir—oh sure, 'tisn't got into any harm Pat has, sir!"

"What harm should he get into—about this runaway prisoner you mean?" said the officer, trying to startle her into some admission.

"What man, Sir?" cried Kate. "Law, mother, honey! That's what the boy was telling us!"

"What boy?" said the officer, now off his guard.

"A boy, Sir—oh! a ra'al little chap—a gossoon—run in here a while ago an' said the man that's to be nung's got out an' run away—an sure we didn't bleeve him! said Kate, with such an air of self-possession and innocent inquisitiveness that the officer was completely deceived. A boy *had* come in as she had said, and told the wonderful story, so she spoke the truth in that part of her assertion.

"Well, Mrs. Moran," said the officer, "you've no objection to have your premises searched, I suppose? It is suspected that the prisoner is hidden somewhere about here."

"Musha, what put that into yere heads?" said Peggy Moran, angrily. "Faith! it's somethin' else we'd be thinkin' of, an' not meddlin' wud the law; but you're welcome to sarch away, Sir, as long as ye like, on'y its a quare thing to have an honest man's house sarched like a rogue's!"

"I must do my daty," said the officer.

"Sure the gintleman won't do us any hurt mother," said Kate. "Please don't let 'em thrample the potatoes, Sir!" she called out as the men turned into the little garden.

Pat Moran's words were almost fulfilled, that the pursuers would root up the ground in search of the fugitive. Not a bush or a hollow about the ground, not a loft or cranny in the house or out-building but was thoroughly investigated. At last, with a sickening feeling of apprehension, Kate saw the band disperse themselves over the fields, and three soldiers run across the plowed field to question the man who was ploughing.

Welsh's blood ran cold as he saw them coming; but recollecting that they did not know his face, he glanced over his shoulder, and shouted in a feigned tone to the horses.

The soldiers were young and careless. They merely asked two or three questions in an irrelevant way, staring up at the sky, and down at the clay, as if they expected to discover the prisoner transformed into a spirit of earth or air. Then they ran off again; and Welsh breathed freely until he spied six other soldiers advancing toward him, with the officer in charge' and two others in dark frock coats with shining buttons and red collars.

"God help me! Sure I can only die!" he murmured.

How long have you been plowing?" said the officer.

"Sence daybreak, Sir. Woa! An' hard work I have had, every one runnin' to me sence breakfast, axin' me did I see the man that run away. Steady there!" The laborer sulkily keeping his back toward the prison warders.

"He is supposed to have swum the river," said the officer; and if so, and you have been here since daybreak, he could not have got over without you seeing

"Sorra haporte I see, sure, if he did; an' he must be a brave swimmer to come across that river this time o' year, ain't the wather like ice," said the plowboy' with an incredulous grin; "sure he might land down farther, it's a grad'a'al narrer, but anyhow I see nothin'—Conshume ye, strait!" he growled at the horses, and bending double over the plow, furrowed on. The officer called his men hurriedly back to the country road.

The long day drew to a close, and when Kate came to call the plowboy to his supper, whispered that there was no one in but her father and mother, he felt as if he had lived a lifetime in the past twenty-four hours.

The farmer laughed heartily in telling some of the stories which were rife about the prisoner's disappearance. His body had been picked up four miles down the river, his clothes had been found by a turnkey under a bush, and his handcuffs had been picked up—filed half across—in a bog ten miles away.

"Faith I bursted laughing," said Pat Moran, "when I knew that Martin Leary had them welded into linchpins, an' that Katy had the clothes buried in last year's manure hape!"

So they chatted pleasantly and securely, while the rescued man sat silent from thankfulness and gratitude, only casting side looks at Kate and sighing heavily.

"Musha, man, don't be sighin'!" cried the farmer, joconsely, "you'll be kickin' up yer heels at yout wedding in Amerciky this time twelve-month, plase God!"

"No, Misther Moran, I'll never marry any one in Amerika," answered Welsh.

Kate got up to put on fresh fuel immediately.

"Och, never fear, you will," replied the farmer, with good-natured obtuseness.

"Musha, Mister Moran, isn't every man ud' give his daughter to one like me, said Welsh in a low tone.

"Arrah, Tim, agra, who'd think the worse o' you for havin' got into trouble an' got out agin'?" pursued the farmer.

"Ah, 'tism't every one is like you," said Welsh, sighing.

"Oh, sure no one will know anything in Amerika, Tim; that's where you're goin' I suppose?" said Mrs. Moran, gravely and coldly.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Welsh. "I hope so."

The good woman was far more acute than her husband, and disliking the turn the conversation was taking, began to introduce other topics; but with little success, as her husband grew sleepy and stupid, Kate sat quite silent, and Welsh was sad. Thus they sat until 12 had struck, and then Welsh and the farmer rose, to walk on to the cross roads, where the car was to be in readiness, with his relatives as convoy and body guard.

Welsh shook Mrs. Morgan's hard hand and kissed it in the fulness of his emotion, uttering broken words of gratitude and blessing. Then he turned to Kate, who was weeping silently; he strove to speak, but words failed him, and he grasped her hand passionately and turned away.

"I'll shut the gate afther ye," said Kate, following them out into the darkness. So she did, and Welsh delayed a moment, helping her to find the loop and staple, probably; though he strove to put a few hasty words together, which had no reference to the gate.

"Keep up yere heart, Kate, agra," he whispered; "I'll send ye a letther whin I get safe over, plase God!"

Welsh sailed for England in a small coasting vessel, and thence from Liverpool, where he remained concealed for some weeks until the ardor of the pursuit after him had abated, he embarked on board a fast-sailing vessel—for there were no steamers in those days—for America. When he landed, he sought the home of a relative who had been settled in the new country for some years, and, by industry and strict honesty—for the dreadful lesson taught him was not wasted—he very soon became independent of his cousin, and had his own snug house and thriving farm.

He wrote regularly to the Morans; to the father first, then to the mother, and lastly to the daughter. When he had amassed a little money he wrote again to the farmer, telling the astonished man his hopes and wishes concerning Kate. Peggy Moran angrily declared her husband to have been blind all along—as there is no doubt he was—but she positively refused to listen for a moment to the audacious suitor. However, "time works wonders." Her violent opposition died away gradually, and Kate waited patiently. At the end of five years, her father being then dead, she and her mother departed for the lad beyond the sea.

This true story was related to the writer by a gray-haired widow, an Irish emigrant who had returned, after many years from America, to die at home. Though her form was bent by the weight of more than seventy years her memory was clear and retentive, and her voice trembled and her dim eyes sparkled, as of yore, with excitement in her recital of the perils undergone by Welsh, the lover of her youth, and the fond and faithful husband whose joys and sorrows she had shared for forty years. And now she had come home to die in the little cottage by the river where she had first known him, and where she had first succored him in the hour of his danger and distress. "On'y it's a poor thing to think that I can't share his grave in the churchyard where his people lie," concluded the widow sadly, "but bless God, we'll soon meet again."

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Nearly **five hundred miles** of the road are now built, and the grading is well advanced on two hundred and fifty miles additional.

The **Through Line across the Continent** will be completed by the middle of next year, when the Overland travel will be very large.

The local business alone, upon the completed portion, is so heavy, and so advantageous, that the gross earnings average **more than a quarter of a million in gold per month,** of which 35 per cent. only is required for operating expenses.

The net profit upon the Company's business on the completed portion, is about double the amount of annual interest liabilities to be assumed thereupon, and will yield **a surplus of nearly a million in Gold,** after expenses and interest are paid—even if the through connection were not made.

The best lands, the richest mines, together with the largest settlement and nearest markets, lie along this portion of the Pacific Railroad, and the **future development of business** thereon will be proportionally great.

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The Bonds are of $1,000 each.

☞The Company reserve the right to advance the price *at any time;* but all orders actually *in transitu* at the time of any such advance will be filled at present price. At this time they pay more than **8 per cent. upon the investment,** and have, from *National and State Laws, guarantee peculiar to themselves.*

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ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOSTON MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

The annual meeting of the members of this association was held Oct. 16th, at Institute building, 10 Temple Place, a notice of which has been given by the Boston Press.

The Secretary's report showed the Institution to be in a prosperous condition; that a larger number of cases of Cancer, Scrofula, and other chronic Diseases had been treated than in any previous year. After the transaction of the ordinary business, Dr. Greene stated that he was frequently in receipt of letters from his former patients, and others residing in various parts of the country, inquiring if the claims of certain men were true, who represented themselves as his agents, students, or to have in some way become familiar with his mode of practice.

The same complaint had been made years ago, but he had taken no active measures to refute their stories, knowing that the public would soon find them to be impostors. His indifference had, apparently, given courage to numbers of pretenders, who were so bold as to use his name in any manner they saw fit, some even representing themselves to be Dr. Greene.

A few months since, men calling themselves Drs. Lyon and Stearns passed through the country within a few miles of Boston, one of them advertising to have been a physician in the Boston Medical Institute. This statement was entirely false. He, Dr. G. had not the slightest knowledge of the men previously. Also a self styled *Dr.* L. A. Shattuck has located in Augusta, Maine, and advertises to be a "*surgeon and physician,*" and claims to have been a student at the Institute. The facts are these: In January of 1865 he took Shattuck out of an intelligence office to do his office work, build fires, run errands, &c. He remained at the Institute until the spring of 1866, and returned in the autumn of same year to do similar work. He was discharged in spring of 1867, for experimenting on Dr. Greene's patients, and was not considered a safe man to be in his office. During most of this time he was paid as a laborer, and not in medical instruction as a student. The public can judge of his qualifications to perform the duties of a physician and surgeon.

Mr. Shattuck has appended to his advertisements a certificate from a certain Dr. Webb (dentist), the import of which is, that he (Mr. Shattuck) had long been connected with the Institute as a physician, which is erroneous, he never having been employed as a physician. Also a certificate from Dr. Conant of Wes Boylston, who, in Dr. Greene's opinion, is a man of such small calibre as to be unworthy of notice. Another from Dr. Holmes (a brother-in-law), who very cautiously refrains from referring to Mr. Shattuck's medical attainments.

Dr. Greene wished these statements to go the public that they should properly attribute the blunders of Mr. Shattuck and others to their unbounded ignorance, and not to the system of medicine practiced at this Institution.

In consideration of the above stated facts the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Association are due Dr. Greene for the skillful manner in which he is conducting the business of the Institute, and for unprecedented success at ending his practice.

Resolved, That since great numbers of unprincipled men are travelling throughout the country and locating in different sections, claiming to have been students of Dr. Greene, or to have otherwise learned his system of practice, we publicly declare all such *base imposters;* and that Dr. Greene is not responsible for their treatment. And for the protection of our patrons and the public, we would state, we have no agents, and our medicines are for sale only at the office, No. 10 Temple place, Boston.

Resolved, That a new and enlarged edition of a pamphlet descriptive of diseases and their treatment be issued and sent free to invalids. Address, with stamp, DR. R. GREENE, No. 10 Temple Place, Boston.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—B. B. RUSSELL, Esq.

Secretary—C. D. HENDRICKSON, M. D.

Board of Managers—Wm. B. Wilbur, Fred'k Spoor, C. D. Hendrickson, Geo. Johnson, Jr. 3m49P

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Is a speedy and certain remedy for *Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Influenza Whooping Cough, Asthma, and the various Affections of the Lungs and Chest.*

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☞To arrest the existing irritation of the air passages and the lungs, speedily and effectually, the seat and cause of cough, is an important step gained toward relief and cure in the first stages of the disease. MASTA'S PULMONIC BALSAM possesses this important property, and while it promptly and effectually arrests all existing irritation and rapidly relieves cough, it renders the lungs further relief by promoting a free discharge of the accumulated mucus in the air passages, imparting a healthy action and vigor to the chest at the same time.

☞Those suffering with cough and the first stages of lung disease, will therefore find in this valuable preparation a speedy and decided relief. Even those whom condition is beyond recovery, will derive from its use great benefit as well as comfort. For the class of diseases it is designed to relieve, the general consumption it has received has proved its great efficacy beyond question. For the past ten years thousands have been speedily and effectually cured by it's timely use while suffering from severe colds, protracted coughs, and from other forms of lung disease. It is prepared from vegetable extracts, the medicinal properties of roots and herbs, with no minerals nor poisonous acids, simple and safe in the materials used, it can be taken at any time

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